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THE AGE OF SHAMS.

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This surely is the age of shams,
As well as civilization;
We daily risk our precious lives
By some adulteration;
Our brandy is but whiskey, dyed,
Our champagne doctored cider,
Our beer a vile decoction oft,
In which we find a spider.

The sausage is of cat's meat made
With which we cram our gizzards,
Instead of beef our Irish stews
Are made of dogs and lizards;
Our turtle soup is mutton hash,
Our tea and coffee, even,
Are mixed with weeds and chicory,
Both sight and taste deceivin'.

Our belles wear breasts with cotton stuffed,
Their hearts and calves are false, too,
Their hair is ar-ti-fi-ci-al,
Their teeth are mockeries also.
The rounded forms we so admire
Are oft with cotton padded,
Their fresh complexions simple rouge,
With French chalk superadded.

Tobacco is but sticks and leaves;
The very salt and sugar
Are half composed of marble dust,
So much men do for lucre.
Nay, even the clothes we daily wear
Instead of cloth are shoddy,
We find our cocktails poisoned drugs
And sicken at our toddy.

O, bear me to some savage clime,
Some beatific region,
Where tradesmen are not every day
One's health and purse besiegin';
Where money isn't counterfeit,
And men the names go under
Their parents gave in infancy—
I'll go there straight, by thunder!

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"And what did the earl say?"

"He seemed flurried, I thought, and asked me a lot of questions—who I was, and where I came from; and he seemed to be thinking to himself, for I heard him mutter in a kind of considering way, 'Bah! the thing's impossible!' or something like that."

"Not so impossible as he thinks," said Mr. Barton, half aloud.

Maggie heard the words and laughed.

"Do you know what his lordship was thinking of then?" she asked, naively.

"Eh? What?" he exclaimed, in confusion. "What was I saying? I declare I had wandered off to something else for a moment."

"That was a night of strange blunders," the young girl went on; "Miss Lennox was there then, you know, dancing. Mademoiselle Annie, she called herself, and I was mistaken for her and she—— Oh, I've told you that you tell you how often; she was very much annoyed about it, but I suppose it was complimentary to me. She is so very beautiful, you know."

"I think the compliment was equal on both sides; you are exactly like her, beauty and all, Miss Ross."

"Oh, it's possible for two people to be exactly alike in feature, without possessing the same beauty; it's very inconvenient, though; even my father called her Maggie that night, and she was extremely offended, he said."

"It will be very well for her if no one worse than your father claims her for his child; I encountered an extremely seedy individual not long ago, who averred he was her father—she won't feel much flattered when she sees him."

"Perhaps that's the man that ran after me at Camperton; he looked like a tramp, and followed me into the theatre and Mr. Gower talked to him a good while and gave him something, I think, for he went away quite quietly and begged my pardon; I fancy I've seen him before, too, somewhere, but the recollection of it is very confused; it had something to do with this mark on my hand. A lady turned ill at the sight of it, I remember, and kissed me and gave me a locket; I must have been a very little girl at the time."

"Try and remember it if you can," said Barton, wondering much who the "lady" might be; "I fancy every circumstance of your former life will be useful to you by and by. If the man you speak of is the one I saw, he is John Thomas, formerly a showman; had a pretty large booth, I believe."

"Then I know where I saw him," exclaimed Maggie, with a flash of recollection; "I was at a fair; father took me and we went into a booth, and she danced; Miss Lennox, I mean; and there was an accident and I was hurt. I know it was the same man."

"And the lady that you saw, was it the countess?"

"The countess! oh, no! A stout, elderly lady; she was very kind to me and kissed me, and when she took my hand she just cried out and went quite white."

"Strange," muttered James Barton, to himself, "it seems I'm not the only one who can put two and two together. And you didn't hear her name?"

"If I did I've forgotten it."

"And you've never seen her since?"

"If it wasn't for all that's happened since yesterday to confuse me, I should say I saw her last night?

"Where?"

"At the castle."

"Among the company?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"All the evening—the earl and countess both seemed to pay her a great deal of attention. She sat by Lord Lorton's mother all through the tableaux, and she was in poor Lord Dornton's room last night."

"I know," exclaimed Barton, "that was Mrs. Wycherly. She came suddenly and unexpectedly, and the servants took her for a nobody till they saw how their master and mistress treated her."

"Yes, that's the name," said Maggie. "Wycherly! I remember it quite well; and it was some place near Worcester where that happened to me—a village, where there was a fair."

"But what took your father there?"

"He never told me." Maggie replied, hesitatingly, for she knew instinctively that it was one of the fruitless journeys her bereaved father had made in quest of his faithless wife, and the recollection of what had passed in London at the same period of her life was still fresh and vivid.

"Ah," Barton said hastily, "we won't talk of that; but this Mrs. Wycherly—do you know who she is?"

"No."

"She is the lady with whom the countess lived as governess, not before she was married to the earl, but before the marriage was made public. Lady Lorton is very much attached to her; that accounts for her presence here."

"But what could she know of me? We were quite strangers in the place—no one knew us; what was I to her?"

"What are any of us to each other? Don't try to peep into futurity, my dear; some time or other I may tell your fortune for you."

"You!"

"Yes, even I, James Barton, of the Albert; did you not know I numbered the black art among my accomplishments?" he said, with a light laugh, as they reentered the inn.

Maggie pondered on his words all the way back to London. What could he mean? What could the future have in store for her? Of what consequence could the simple incidents of her past life be to any one? And then the curious request the Earl of Lorton had made to her, always to let him know where she was! What could the welfare of a girl in her position be to him? And she thought and thought till her head ached with her endeavors to find a reason for what had passed, and they turned out vain endeavors after all, for she could come to no satisfactory reason for any of the circumstances that puzzled her so much.

Numberless were the questions put by her companions as to all she had seen and heard and done at Lorton Castle; and great was the wrath of the dressing room *coterie* at finding how little she had to tell.

Poor Maggie—it had mattered little to her, as she sat by the young heir's death bed, whether the curtains which shadowed him were of satin or velvet, whether his head rested on lace edged pillows, or whether a golden spoon touched his lifeless lips with vain restoratives; and she could remember nothing that they were so curious about. She had been face to face with death, and had noticed none of its surroundings. She showed her ring, however, merely saying that the earl had given it to her, and it was handed about and greatly admired.

"That's worth something, now," said one of the girls, examining it; "don't I wish it was mine, that's all."

"You wouldn't keep it long," said another, coarsely, "'twould soon turn into dresses and things in your hands."

"I don't know about that," was the reply, "one doesn't part lightly with a *souvenir* of a young man."

"A young man!" said Maggie, with a smile, though her lip quivered the moment after with painful recollection. "Poor Lord Dornton was only a boy."

"A boy" exclaimed the girls. "We thought he was grown up, and that it was a love affair, Ross."

"Oh, no, he was only fifteen, I believe; it was his father gave me the ring."

And they went down, pretty and sparkling—some of them beautiful—to their nightly task of amusing a laughter loving audience, and Maggie danced and smiled, with her thoughts fleeting far away to the darkened chamber in Lorton Castle, where the boyish owner of the ring that glittered on her finger lay dead and cold, waiting for the fast coming day that was to see him laid in the family resting-place.

The inquiry instituted into the cause of his untimely end brought no blame to any one, though every circumstance was rigidly investigated. The pyrotechnist had left everything in exact order.

Lord Dornton had gone, with youthful curiosity, where he had no business to go, and farther than that nothing could be ascertained. There had been no one near him when the terrible catastrophe occurred. Then came men lightly shod and low voiced and there was measuring and arranging, and a return with the grim coffin with its shining plate, to hold all that was mortal of Charles, Lord Dornton. And the last day came at length and one by one they took their final leave of their dead, and touched the still face, so like, and yet so unlike, their darling; and there were nodding plumes and sable trappings, and a line of carriages so long that they reached from the castle to the church, telling of the respect of the titled friends of the Earl of Lorton.

But there was other sympathy besides; every tenant on the estate who could get to the place was there, and the mourners pressed into the church and out again through a crowd where every head was uncovered in mute respect, and every eye wet with tears of real sorrow for the boy so universally beloved.

Never, to his dying day, did the earl forget that morning or the tears that fell from honest eyes down furrowed cheeks as he returned to his ancestral home, heirless and alone, leaving the darling of his heart at rest in the vault of Lorton Church.

CHAPTER V.

A "COTTAGE ORNER"—TOILET OF ANONYMA—THE INTERRUPTION—THE VISITOR—OLD MEMORIES—FORESHADOWINGS.

On the day after the *fete* at Lorton Castle—the *fete* which was attended with such disastrous and fatal consequences—the merry making which celebrated so sadly the birth day of poor Lord Dornton—Miss Madeline Lennox gave a select dinner party to a few of the most favored friends of her august protector. She was not Miss Lennox now. Oh, dear, no! Even Anonyma will take refuge in the shadow of respectability, so she figured in the books of the adjacent tradespeople as Mrs. Saville, and kept up a kind of would-be reputation in stranger's eyes as a respectable married woman and housekeeper.

Mr. Saville, however, was too well known in the great world—indeed, in the world in general—to render that possible to any one except casual visitors to Highgate, and when the bowers of every varying pretty garden so with the radiance of nightly festivities, so cheery with sunny smiles and ringing laughter, was looked upon as a sort of Inferno by the real wives and honorable mothers of that somewhat equivocal neighborhood.

That it was the property of the Duke of Portarlington was a well known fact; also that the fair face which might daily be seen by his grace's side in his rides and drives was that of the beautiful Juliet, who had burst upon the theatrical world with such splendor and dazzled the eyes of the frequenters of Mr. Wortley's theatre, only to leave it again in two short months, was equally well known; but the duke chose to be plain Mr. Saville in his suburban retreat, and to call his fair *inamorata* by no more imposing title than that of plain Mrs.—and there was no one to cavil at the name of his adoption.

Mrs. Saville's *bijou* of a dwelling was in holiday trim on the evening after the heir of Lorton met his death, and the fairy of the radiant scene was in her maid's hands being prepared for the evening's festivity. Many a monarch's daughter has sighed in vain for adorments and luxuries such as surrounded that girl, brought up in a stroller's caravan.

The little dancer of John Thomas' show could attire herself in the costliest array now, or could pass over her marble brow a handkerchief which a week's receipts of that poor showman would not purchase; might sniff at costly perfume from a bottle whose precious stopper the worth of his establishment would not bring; might hang every thread of her golden hair with jewels if she took a fancy to do so.

And what has she bartered for all these? What given for all the luxuries with which she is surrounded; for the satin curtains which fall so richly round her downy couch; for the clouds of lace which the hand of a sculptured Cupid lets down over her toilet table; for the lace hose and silken slippers; for the priceless embroidery and costly fabrics; for the diamonds and gems of her daily toilet?

Not much; very little, truly. Only that which some women, pure and spotless, hold dearer and more precious than their lives.

Not much! But enough to make her overpaid, overfed, lazy servants scorn and despise their mistress, and only wait their master's wearying of his lately acquired toy to show their disrespect; enough to make the pert lady's maid who presided at her toilet speak contemptously of her behind her back, to her sometimes when she is put out, and, hugging herself in fancied respectability, thank heaven that "she is an honest woman."

She is a bold, coarse looking creature, this lady's maid, but thinks herself immeasurably superior to her beautiful, decked out, petted mistress, and when her day of downfall comes she will look on calmly at the catastrophe and seek another situation with a "respectable person," as she phrases it, if any such will have her—if not, in such another house as that over which Mrs. Saville presides.

It matters little to her so that she gets her money regularly and her perquisites.

Her mistress cares little for her opinion; idolized by her protector, courted by her tradespeople, with not one ungratified whim, why should she trouble her head about what her maid calls "honesty?"

Mrs. Saville, Madeline Lennox, Annie Thomas, whichever name she choses to take, does not think of it now, but the time may come when she will; when a mightier hand than she cares to think about, in the midst of her beauty and fascination and whirl of giddy pleasures, shall stop her in her headlong career, and call her to a world where her jewels will not pass muster, where her loveliness will avail her nothing.

She sits on this sunny August evening in a little apartment whose fittings a queen might envy.

A costly carpet covers the floor, in the soft pile of which the heaviest footfall might pass unheeded, and the tiny feet in their dainty dressing slippers are almost buried in its velvet flowers.

The couch, chairs and dressing-table have been chosen for the spoiled beauty with an exquisite taste, and she can rest on cushions of the most delicate blue satin, and see the reflection of her golden ringlets in a glass, the filigree frame of which is worth what would keep a poor man's family from weeks of starvation and misery.

Lace draperies shade the windows and cover of the toilet-table with its almost priceless knick-knacks in Dresden, and glass, and gold.

The double doors are hidden on the inside by hangings of the same rich material as decks the couch, and the evening sun pours in through a gorgeously painted window.

This was a whim of Mrs. Saville's; what did she care for the fresh green grass the hills, the white sheep or the thousand and one country sights to be seen from that side?

"It was a stupid look-out," she said, and had it altered and shut out accordingly.

Now, however, the attendant closes the shutters and blocks out sunshine, and coloring, and all, for her mistress was going to commence her toilet, and all these varying colors might interfere with the satisfactory progress of the business.

Mrs. Saville is very pale and thin, and the blue veins on her forehead and the bags of her fragile-looking hands are startlingly distinct.

She sits listlessly in her chair before her looking-glass, seemingly too tired to display her usual interest in her adornments, and watching her maid as she arranges her dress for the evening.

Waters hesitates in her work, and looks from the wardrobe to her mistress' face as if doubtful what will best suit the complexion growing so fearfully transparent, and the hectic flush that comes and goes so quickly on the thin cheek.

"Shall I lay out the blue and pearls, ma'am?" she asked at length, rustling among the silken treasures of the wardrobe; "you spoke of wearing them to-day."

"No," she replied, languidly. "The pink dress to-night, Waters; I am pale, I think."

"A little, ma'am; but you know his grace said—I beg your pardon, I am sure, Mr. Saville, I mean."

"Do be careful, Waters," said her mistress petulently, with an angry look. "You know you will be discharged if you don't attend to orders. That name is never to be used here by any of us; I never mention it myself—Mr. Saville is so particular."

"I am very sorry, ma'am; it slipped out. Mr. Saville said he thought you had ridden too fast."

"Oh, stuff!" she said, taking up a smelling bottle and inhaling the powerful contents. "It's nothing! I've got a cold, I think. You'll have to rouge me—just a little; the liquid—there, that will do."

"You look very well now, ma'am; which wreath will you wear? Or will you prefer jewels?"

"No jewels with my hair in ringlets; it must be flowers; that daisy wreath, I think; ah! Waters, I've better taste than your."

"Indeed you have," said the obsequious Waters. "I should have thought diamonds, now."

"Diamonds! with my hair all hanging in curls! Diamonds are very well for braids and the statuesque style; but that's not the role to-night. These slippers don't match the dress."

"They should, ma'am; I sent the pattern."

"Well, they don't; but they'll have to do. Give me something for my lips, they're quite white," her mistress said, with a cough that sounded hollow, while the perspiration stood on her forehead. "And see, I've stained that handkerchief; give me another."

"She's fitter for a bed and a doctor than an evening party," muttered the maid, taking the bit of lace-edged cambric, all specked with crimson stains, and substituting another more costly still.

"Those blood spots terrify me, they do; I've a great mind to speak to his grace—no, Mr. Saville, I mean, and tell him what I think."

"What are you staring and muttering at?" asked her mistress, tapping her foot impatiently. "There's some one knocking at the outer door; go and see who it is and send them away. I wonder how often I am to tell you I dislike being interrupted when I am dressing?"

There was some one knocking, though the double doors and the hangings which fell before the inner one made the sound almost inaudible. It was Mrs. Saville's page, a pretty, impertinent boy, selected by her out of a host of applicants on account of his good looks, and a special favorite with his lovely mistress. He bore a dirty, crumpled piece of paper on a silver salver and announced:—

"A man to speak to missus."

"And is that the way you bring a message, you impertinent young imp?" said Waters, in a rage.

"I'd no other to bring; he won't go away; he said if we didn't take his name he'd come up stairs hisself, for Mrs. Saville'd see him, he was sure. That's his card."

He presented the salver with a grimace and a flourish, and grinned with great internal merriment as Waters took the scrap of paper, and clutching her by the arm, he drew her ear down to the level of his mouth and whispered gleefully:—

"I say, such a lark; it's her father!" nodding his head towards the inner room.

"You don't say so!"

"Ay, but I do, though; come and look at him. Isn't he a guy! just might be let out to scare the crows in a field, he might. Wouldn't I like the master to see him, that's all."

"Wait a minute till I give the message; and hark you, young scapegrace, don't you go telling it all about."

"Oh, I'm fly," responded the precocious young gentleman, with a grin worthy of Puck himself. "I don't want to spoil sport, I don't."

"Person's waiting, ma'am," said the Abigail, handing the missive to her mistress and watching her curiously. "Won't take any denial, Egbert says."

Mrs. Saville looked at the name, "John Thomas," and her cheeks paled; the flush which had overspread them died away till the rogue stood out in sharp red patches and her tinted lips looked like carmine streaks against her white skin.

"I will see this man," she said, turning her head away; "I knew him once—in the breakfast room, Waters; I will be down directly."

"Yes, ma'am."

Waters went on her errand, nothing loth, and showed the haggard and shabby looking stranger into the delicately furnished breakfast parlor of Rosa Villa, as Mrs. Saville's retreat was named.

There she presently joined him, but though Waters and the other servants put in practice their most tried devices for hearing what was going on, they were foiled; the main part of the conversation was carried on in too low a key for them to make out any of its purport.

John Thomas looked round him with a bitter smile on his lips as he entered the sumptuous apartment.

"And this is what she has come to," he said to himself, as his eye fell on the costly knick-knacks scattered about. "Well, I could'nt have given it to her. But I loved her, too, poor little Annie!"

The door opened and Mrs. Saville entered.

Well might her visitor start back in amazement, as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

The little show girl whom he had snatched from a Scotch workhouse, whose most brilliant dress in those well remembered days had been of spangled gauze or coarse muslin; to whom the chance gift of a halfpenny had been a mine of wealth, stood before him in gleaming satin and glittering gems, as radiant as a fairy princess.

She wore a dress of the most delicate pink, over which fell a skirt of costly lace, looped up here and there with daisies, pink and white, looking as natural as if just picked from the fields.

A wreath of the same flowers rested lightly on her golden curls, which fell almost to her waist in seemingly careless luxuriance, though each separate one had been arranged with a careful and practised hand.

Diamonds glittered upon her neck and arms, and a costly fan showed sparkles of the same bright gems.

Her little feet, always so pretty and symmetrical, peeped from beneath her skirts, clad in silken stockings and slippers of the same pale pink as her dress.

John Thomas recoiled from her as he would have done from some fierce animal, but he controlled himself, and spoke to her quietly enough.

No need to record all that was said between the two, so strangely different, so haunted with the memory of the past, as they stood in that dainty room.

John Thomas was calm, outwardly, at least, but Mrs. Saville's cheek paled, and she trembled visibly as one by one he called up the incidents of her past life.

"I am not well," she said, at length; "I will talk to you another time; if you want money—or—or any help that I can give you," she added, stopping timidly, seeing the dark expression that crept over his face.

He did not know how weak she was, or what an exertion it was to her to stand there, or he might have answered in a different tone, perhaps. The very sight of her seemed to steel his heart, and his answer was angry and bitter with the pain it gave him to speak.

JAMES PILGRIM, Dramatist, Comedian and Manager.

For biographical sketch see another column.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD TIMES RECALLED—WHAT JOHN THOMAS TOLD MRS. SAVILLE—A FAINTING FIT—MR. SAVILLE AND HIS FRIENDS—A LITTLE DINNER.

"Money?" he replied, slowly and with bitter emphasis, as his eye wandered up and down her glittering dress and rested on her curling hair and costly jewels. "I want none of your money! I did not come here for that; I want a kind word from you, Annie, one loving message to the poor soul who lies so far away on a sick bed!"

"A sick bed! is she ill?" Mrs. Saville asked hurriedly, old memories of past kindness and care from the parents she had so heartlessly abandoned coming over her in spite of herself, making her look more like the child he loved so well in by-gone days, and softening the careless, hard tone in which she had before spoken.

"Ill? Aye: so ill that she may not be alive to see me when I go home to the—the place where I left her! It's not such a fine house as yours, madam; our poor garret has no such adornments as deck your splendid dwelling place, but we have hearts still. My wife, in her sickness and desolation, yearns for a sight of the child she reared and tended, for a sound of the voice whose first lisping word was to call her mother. *I* would not have asked it of you; *I* cannot forget like she can; all the forgiveness of this world lives in women's hearts, not ours."

"I cannot *come*," she began, "that is, I——"

"No, you cannot *come*!" he retorted, sarcastically, "I might have known that. The mistress of Rosa Villa could not be seen entering a home as lowly as mine! The pampered plaything of his grace the duke might lose favor in his eyes did he know she ever belonged to such a man as I am! The pretty bird might be stripped of its fine feathers, perhaps, were it found consorting with a ragged crow like me!"

He laughed with fierce irony, and she trembled and turned white with terror as she listened to him.

"Have a little mercy on me!" she said, faintly, as she sank into a chair.

"Mercy!" he replied, "what mercy had you on us when you left us as you did? It was our ruin and you know it. What mercy have you on us at this moment, when I come here from my dying wife, for dying I believe her to be, and you, the child she loved and reared, refuse to come to her?"

"No, no—not refuse! Don't say that; you do not know——"

"What do I not know? I know you are here, mistress of this house and of its master, too; that you are what many a woman would die of starvation rather than become. I know that you are standing there before me trembling lest your paramour should come and find me here—lest your servants should overhear what I have to say to you. Ha! ha! it would be a pleasant surprise for the Duke of Portarlington were I to wait his coming and demand my daughter at his hands."

"Oh, for the love of heaven," she gasped, "you would not; you could not!"

"Oh, no, I won't; I don't wish to disturb his lordship's felicity, or spoil Mrs. Saville's evening amusement; but if you won't come with me give me a message to her—your mother; she loves you yet, wicked as you have been, as if you really were her child."

"As if I really were her child! What do you mean?" she asked, gazing as if she thought he had suddenly gone mad.

"Ah, I've said more than I meant to," replied John Thomas, passing his hand over his sunburnt face. "I didn't mean to, unless you had been willing to come with me, but I'll tell you now—let you see what you might have been if you had been content to stay with the poor showman and his wife."

"I do not understand," she faltered—"not your child?"

"No. As truly as yonder sky is over our heads you are not. I claimed you when an infant from a workhouse in Scotland, knowing that my own child was dead. After a terrible railway accident you were left friendless and we took you, that is, I did; my wife had nothing to do with it, poor soul."

"And you never knew who I belonged to?"

"I did not for a long time—for twenty years almost—I do now. Shall I tell you what I could do if I would?"

She nodded, breathlessly; she could scarcely comprehend his meaning.

"Well, then, I will. For every guinea you earn by your wantonness I could give you ten—yours by right; for this sin-bought house and these glittering jewels; for your silks and satins, your fine friends and flatterers, I could give you a princely house, a lordly father, and a loving mother; and on one condition I will do it."

"What do you mean? Am I *really* not *your* daughter?"

"No. As sure as yonder sun shines, you are not; but till yesterday morning I was not sure whose you were. I could make you a great lady, my little Annie, and I will, if——"

"If what?"

"If you will leave all this ill-gotten splendor and come with me—come to her who has been a mother to you, whom you repaid so badly. Her home is a poor one; but we are honest, Annie; and when your great friends are looking for you, they would rather take you from my bare walls than from these trappings of shame."

"Do you want me to dance outside a show again?" she asked, somewhat sneeringly, her hardness coming back as she listened. "To earn a home for you as I have done before? A fine story you have brought me. Prove what you say—prove my right to this great name, and I will listen to you."

"I will sometime, but not now. I would have had you leave all this and let your mother receive a daughter outwardly innocent at least, but I have done; go on in your shameless course, and when your lady mother seeks her long lost child (which she will do ere long, mark me) and you see her turn in disgust from the profligate paramour of her husband's friend, then remember my words to you! I have no more to say, Mrs. Saville."

"Stay!" she said, drawing out her purse as he turned to go, though her hand shook till the gold rattled in its shining meshes. "Let me help you, you are poor."

"Poor! Aye, so poor that I have not the price of a meal or a bed, yet not poor enough to take from the hand of the girl I once looked upon as a daughter the price of her sin. Put up your purse, Annie. The wages of your harlotry spent upon food would choke me—would pay for no bed but would blister me to lie upon. There are guests coming, I can see by your dress and decoration—some of those who help to pay for your finery and adornings—put your father out at the back door, Annie Thomas, and hide your connection with honest poverty from the nobility of glittering sin."

He flung open the door as he spoke, nearly overseting Waters and the footman, who were listening with all their might, having caught a few of his last words.

"Show me the way out!" he said, fiercely. "The back way—I'm not fit to pass by the carriage doors of your fine friends, should they arrive before I am out of sight."

And he strode away, grim [illegible] courtyard, while the [illegible] of her face, and would slowly [illegible] supported her up stairs, but she waved her off.

"No," she said, faintly, "not now; leave me alone a few minutes."

"But my lady, Mrs. Saville, I mean, the company will be here directly and you're as white as a sheet, ma'am."

"I know, I know; don't be afraid, I will be ready; it will pass off; stay where you are."

But Waters followed, like a discreet Abigail, and it was well she did so, for her mistress only reached her dressing room door to fall insensible on the soft carpet.

"My!" was her inward ejaculation, "here's a pretty go! What's to be done now, I'd like to know?"

She bent over the pale form and raised the head.

"It's only a faint," she muttered. "I must bring her round some way myself; it'll never do to have the servants prying about here and she must be fit for her company; poor soul, she won't be fit for anything long, if I ever saw sickness in my life."

She lifted her mistress to the sofa, and removing the wreath and necklace, sprinkled her face plentifully with water.

"I can get her to rights in a minute again, if she'd only come round," she said to herself. "My, there's his lordship! Mrs. Saville, Mrs. Saville, ma'am, do open your eyes."

She looked more like a corpse suddenly endowed with life than anything, and her maid despaired of making her presentable.

"Mr. Saville's come, ma'am," she said, as soon as she saw her mistress could speak or listen.

"Is he? Ah, yes, I remember; I must go down. Help me to the table, Waters, and do my hair a little."

The girl did so, wondering at the self control she displayed, for she could hardly stand. She placed her in the chair before the glass, and went into the bedroom for something.

Left alone, Mrs. Saville looked at herself in dismay. Her lips were perfectly colorless, and her eyes sunken and dull, and dark rims were round them, making them look solemn and wild. Her cheeks were wan and colorless, except where the rouge still lay under the hollow eyes, and drops of perspiration stood on her forehead.

"This will never do," she murmured.

She searched vainly among the stoppered bottles on her toilet table for something she wanted.

"Where can it be?" she said, impatiently. "It is the only thing that keeps any life in me."

"Waters!" she called, impatiently, not finding what she sought. "Waters, come here!"

Waters made her appearance from the adjacent room with her mistress' wreath in her hand.

"The drops. Quick! Some more of the people are come. Where have you put them?"

"Here, madam," replied the woman, pouring out a glass or water, and dropping some crimson liquid in it from a small phial.

Mrs. Saville drank, and the sparkle came back to her eye, and her trembling hand steadied itself again.

"That's it," she said. "Now I am all right—if Mr. Saville had come up here!"

"Twas a mercy he didn't, ma'am," said Waters, grimly. "She'll kill herself before long, if she goes on that way," she added to herself, as she placed the wreath lightly on the fair curls; "her head's burning hot; I wouldn't take a drop of that stuff for a fortune."

A light rap came to the door and she opened it to see her master there.

"Ready, Madeline?" he asked. "We're all assembled and only want the presence of the fairy of the villa."

"Quite ready," she said, rising with a light laugh, though her legs trembled and the room seemed to swim.

"Ready and radiant," he said, delightedly. "I don't know when I have seen you look so blooming."

The secret of the bloom was in her maid's hands, who smiled to herself as her mistress left the room. "Can no one see it but me," she thought.

Mrs. Saville received her guests with fascinating smiles and honeyed words, which seem to come natural to some lips; and they laughed and jested, and gave her back smiles and words as light as her own, and his grace was more charmed than ever with his lovely possession, and one and all agreed that "Mrs. Saville was never so charming."

But Mrs. Saville outdid herself, and ere the *recherche* little dinner was over was pale and faint. Again she coughed and again her delicate *mouchoir* was stained with blood.

"It was nothing," she averred, trying to look bright again, "really nothing! Only a slight cold," and her smile came back though not her color, and his grace the Duke of Portarlington began to wonder if his lady love was going to be ill, because, if so, it would be a good opportunity for him to go to Scotland for the shooting season instead of taking her to the Rhine, which would be a terrible bore. In the midst of his cogitations a servant entered with a card.

The Duke looked up impatiently.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

The man hesitated and looked at Mrs. Saville.

"It is——" he began.

"Well, can't you speak?"

"A person to see my mistress, sir; I said, 'not at home,' but he says his business is urgent; I was obliged to bring the message."

"Very impertinent, give me the card."

Mrs. Saville held out her hand for it.

"For *me*, I think you said, John."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you know him?" asked the duke, giving it to her.

"Yes," she replied, reading the name, "Mr. James Barton."

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY'S END—PRESTON STREET—BROTHER AND SISTER—HOPE FOR THE INVALID—THE PROMISE—NEWS FOR WILLIE—THE BALLET—THE WATER NYMPH—"FIRE!"

Willie Burn and Doctor Cameron arrived in London towards evening, the young man not at all sorry that his journey was at an end, for such a remarkable change had come over his companion that he felt uneasy. The brisk and seemingly cheerful old man, who had first addressed him, had shrunk and subsided into something inexpressively withered and feeble looking, and he had kept muttering to himself strange words and broken sentences of which the young man could make nothing.

"Does Mrs. Grant know you are coming?" Willie asked, as the train slackened speed, and the voice of the guard was heard shouting "Tickets ready!"

"I don't know; I wrote three days since—I wasn't sure of getting away before—but to the old place, so perhaps she won't have got it, since she's gone from there, you say."

"It will be a joyful surprise to her in that case, Doctor; you can't think how she talks of you."

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, somewhat querulously, with a nervous, restless movement telling of suppressed agitation. "Better I had never come, perhaps, better I had died years ago, when I was an honest man, before——"

He stopped, suddenly catching sight of Willie's wondering look and listening attitude.

"Eh! What was I saying?" he said, rousing himself and making a poor, forlorn kind of attempt to look quite bright and clear. "I think I have been asleep."

"Not just lately," said Willie, with a smile. "Your words have led me to believe that you know of some mystery in connection with Margaret Ross. There is a mystery, I know, and I am very anxious to find out who has the key of it or knows anything about it. If *you* do, for her sake, for the sake of those whose daughter I believe she is, though the proof is wanting, do not keep it to yourself."

The old gentleman sat up and looked at him with a keen, suspicious glance.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied, in a querulous and aggrieved tone. "I told you I was present at the birth of this girl if she is the same one, and what has a doctor further to do with it. I don't like to be questioned—don't like to be questioned."

He repeated the words with an air of indignation which contrasted strangely with the imbecility which seemed to have come over him, and put up his shaky hand as if to ward off all further inquiries.

"I will not ask any more," said the young man, gently rising as the door was opened by the porter. "But here we are, take care how you step out. Just get into a cab and I will see about the things. What luggage have you?"

"Only an old black portmanteau—my name is painted on it in white."

"All right, I'll soon get it. I've nothing but this," said Willie, hailing the nearest cab, and tossing a small valise and starting away in search of the doctor's property. It was soon found and they drove off, the old man brightening up as other topics arose to drive away the one that seemed so unpleasant, and they drew nearer to his sister's humble home.

Preston street, Limehouse, is not a very lively or aristocratic locality, the only [illegible] oyster shell erections, their chosen gutters and dead cats, to see the unwonted sight, while their parents looked on at a greater distance from doors and windows with equal curiosity and interest.

"Not quite so sweet as the heather, doctor," said Willie, smiling at the look of disgust on his companion's face at the unsavory odor with which their noses were assailed.

"These 'no thoroughfare' streets are never very nice. It is perfection inside, I can assure you," and dismissing the cabman they entered the house.

Mrs. Grant had not been expecting her lodger's return that day, and was attending to her only remaining child, a suffering cripple, when she was apprised by the sound of wheels and the shouts of the accompanying cortege of children, of the arrival of the cab. She ran hastily down stairs, knowing it could only be Willie, but stopped at the sight of a stranger.

"I have brought you a visitor, Mrs. Grant," he said, linking his arm in the doctor's with a smile; "can you find room for him do you think?"

"It's a small place as you know, Mr. Burn," she said, looking curiously at the doctor, who drew a little back, "and a very humble one; but I'll try to make room for any friend of yours."

"Not a very old acquaintance of mine," he replied, "seeing I only met him to-day. Have you had no letters, Mrs. Grant?"

"Not a line from any one since you went away," she said, surprised at the question.

"Not one from Scotland?" said Dr. Cameron, speaking for the first time.

"From Scotland!" she repeated, starting at the sound of his voice and looking at him earnestly, with a strange trembling creeping over her. "Oh, sir, I——"

She stopped irresolutely. A light seemed to break upon her mind and her face worked strangely.

"Speak to her," said Willie to the doctor in a low tone. "She knows you."

But the old man could only hold out his arms and say, "Mary," and with a wild cry of "David! my brother David, after all these years!" she fell upon his neck. Her lodger left the room and closed the door; such a meeting was not for other eyes to see, and his own were moist as he turned up the little narrow stair which led to his bed-room. He turned into the little sitting-room which was set apart for Mrs. Grant's afflicted daughter, poor Annie, who was a terrible sufferer, and to whom Mary, while she lived, had been nurse, companion and friend. She was irritable and cross now, poor girl; her pleasures were so few and her hours of loneliness and pain so many. This was one of her bad days and she could hardly answer the lodger's cheerful greeting.

"I've brought some one to see you, Annie," he said, taking her hand and caressing the poor, thin fingers. "Some one you'll be very glad to see."

"Ah, nobody cares to come and see me now," she replied pitifully, and with a querulous voice. "It would be better if I werd dead and buried."

"Now don't talk like that; there's a good girl. It's your uncle from Scotland; your mother's brother, Dr. Cameron."

"My mother's brother! I've never seen him. Ah, he won't care for *me*. If Mary had been alive, now."

"Mary is better off, I trust, Annie. But come, cheer up. Your uncle will love you, and you him, I am sure. There's your mother coming; look up and smile at her."

"So you've told her, I see," says Mrs. Grant, entering. "Annie, darling, your uncle's come at last."

Though her eyes were full of joyful tears, there was a troubled expression on her face notwithstanding.

"Do you know, Mr. Burn," she said, as she arrranged her daughter's couch and smoothed her hair, "I am strangely sad at this meeting. There is something about my brother that makes my heart ache. Of course at his age (he is ten years older than me, you know) I expected to see him somewhat feeble, but he seems sad and confused somehow. Do you think he is ill?"

"I think he is very tired, dear Mrs. Grant," he replied cheerfully, striving to change the subject. "A good cup of tea and a night's rest will make him quite a different man. Persuade him to go to bed as soon as you can. I'm going out, so you'll have him all to yourself."

"Don't run away on that account, Mr. Burn, said the widow, for Willie shared her sitting-room, and she thought he might be inventing business on purpose to leave them alone; "you'll be tired, too, and we have no secrets, either of us."

"I must," he replied. "Business before pleasure, you know. I have an appointment at the Albert with Mr. Sefton, the scene painter."

"Ah, you're a great man now. I remember when you——"

"When I was a carpenter at the Adelaide. What a long time ago that seems, and yet it is only two years! Ah, that accident was the best thing that ever happened to me."

"How?"

"It gave me time to think; those weeks in the hospital laid the foundation of my good fortune. The discovery of the composition of one of my dyes flashed upon me in an instant while I was looking at a lady's bonnet who was visiting a patient beside me, and it was perfected in my own mind in a very few hours."

Dr. Cameron was roused by his tea and the sight of his invalid niece, into whose ailments he entered with professional zest and cheered her by telling her he did not consider her case hopeless. "She would never be cured, that was pretty clear, but he was sure she would some day sit up, perhaps walk, even go out. Oh, how poor Annie brightened up at his words

how she blessed and thanked him, holding his hand in her thin fingers, and carressing and kissing it. He looked pleased, but still there seemed a shadow over him perfectly unaccountable to his sister and only half comprehended by Willie. There was no return of the agitation which had seemed so alarming until Mrs. Grant chanced to mention where her lodger was going; then he arose, and seizing the young man's arm, drew him aside.

"Is that where *she* is; the girl, Margaret Ross?"

"Yes."

"And you will see her?"

"I do not know," replied Willie, his heart beating high at the anticipation: "I may; I hope so."

"But you must! Promise me that you will! See her and bring her here to me."

"To-night?"

"This very night. I must see her; speak to her. Promise me!"

"I do promise," the young man said, awed by his earnestness, and with a vague dread of some evil, he knew not what, creeping over him. "I will if I can, anyhow; but it will be very late, doctor; twelve o'clock, very likely. She will be in the last piece almost, for certain: there's dancing in it."

"Never mind how late; I'll sit up for you. What I have to say may never be said if it is put off till to-morrow."

"Is anything the matter? Are you ill, Dr. Cameron, that you speak like this?"

"No; I am not ill. I will rest while you are gone; only promise you will bring James Matthews' daughter here to-night."

"I will; I will," repeated the young man, as he left the house very much disturbed at his fellow-traveler's state of mind.

He arrived at the Albert just at the commencement of the sensation scene of the new piece, which was taking all London by storm; and while its many mysterious incidents and startling catastrophes were terrifying and astonishing the audience, and engaging almost all the company, he found time for his business with the scene painter and a good deal of gossip besides. From him he heard the particulars of Maggie Ross' sojourn at Lorton Castle, and of the gift of the diamond ring that glittered nightly on her finger.

"What!" said Willie, starting up.

"I do; or if he isn't, he's got some crotchet in his head about her; he watches her like a cat after a mouse; but there goes the curtain! I must go and watch the taking down of that scene. I should have a new one to paint every week if I let those rascals knock it about as they liked."

He bustled off, leaving Willie to digest what he had heard. Mr. Barton in love with Maggie, impossible! Or rather impossible that Maggie could return the compliment. He began to think that it was very well he had come to town. Watch her, did he? He might well. If his fancies came true Maggie Ross would be a golden treasure to him before long. Yes, it was very well he had come to London. By-and-by the bell rang and the curtain rose upon the *ballet*. He went to the wing to see, not the dancing, but his darling, to look at her himself unseen, and hear the applause her beauty and her grace elicited from the crowded house. He had hardly gained his station when she bounded from the opposite wing, and he shrank into the shade lest she might see him too suddenly and be startled. He could hardly believe his senses as he looked. *Lovely* she had always been, gloriously beautiful; even in the back row of the *ballet* at Mr. Gower's theatre her wondrous beauty had attracted all eyes and made strangers inquire who that could be, at once so pretty and so modest; but now the piece was one of the water *ballets* so fashionable now and then, and the ladies were dressed as Naiads, Mademoiselle Dolores and Margaret Ross being the principal, and dressed alike. The costume, which had been arranged by Mr. Scryme, was admirably suited to Maggie's bright hair and fair skin, and her entrance was the signal for a burst of rapturous applause, which mademoiselle's dark charms had failed to elicit. Her draperies were pale green, frosted with thousands of sparkles, and edged and looped with coral. A coronet of the same was upon her head, and her wavy hair hung unconfined down her back, while pendants like glittering drops of water showered here and there among her tresses, secured by invisible fastenings. She danced with ease and grace, and her performance, if not so artistic as her companion's, was far more natural and unstudied. Her *pas* over, she curtsied, blushing and trembling, as Willie could see, and bounded off at the entrance by which she had appeared, while loud applause and shouts of *"encore"* arose from the front. In obedience to a whispered word from the stage manager, who stood beside her, she shook out her gauzy skirts and moved a step forward as the orchestra commenced the air again to which she had danced; but as she did so, a startled shriek of "Fire!" arose from the group around her, the girls, with their tarleton draperies, fled for their lives, and a sudden flame shot up from her side.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LETTER FROM THE STATUE IN FRONT fell into the Rip Van Winkle sleep which followed my last appearance in the world of letters, that I confess to a feeling of surprise on awaking in the midst of palaces, the site of which was occupied by rookeries only when first I took possession of this elevated lookout. Somehow, Mr. Editor, I cannot help thinking that the world has retrograded during the interval that has elapsed, and that the people of the present are anything but an improvement upon their immediate predecessors. Glorious doings have I seen in days gone by within a radius of only a few feet of the little niche, not half so large as the tub of Diogenes, in which I am condemned to pass my life. The whole vicinity is classic ground. Almost beneath my feet was the famous Peter Stelle's, from whose basement daily ascended the savory odor of turtle soup and oysters stewed and fried, and in whose restaurant were wont to congregate the *gourmands* and *bon vivants* of the neighborhood. Above him was the old American Museum of Scudder, where Doctor Valentine, the eccentric, and Monsieur Adrien, the magician, held forth each night to delighted audiences till Barnum came along, and, with Tom Thumb and Monsieur Bihin, the enormous Belgian giant, his curiosities and his plays, transcended everything that had gone before. All the great military and civic processions of the age have passed in review beneath me. Your Harry Clays and Daniel Websters, your General Scotts and your Kossuths, have been obliged to doff the hat to me. Yonder diverges Ann street, whose pavements have been worn by the steps of wits and scholars, poets and historians, editors, reporters, actors for half a century or more. It was for a long time the Grub street of New York *literateurs*. In the garret of a tall building just visible from where I stand perished, one bitter winter's day, the persecuted poet, William Snelling, with not even a cot to sleep on hardly a counterpane to cover him, the pure white snow drifting in upon him through the broken roof and gradually enveloping him like a shroud. In the same garret, if I mistake not, died in utter destitution the erratic Bill Attree, once the right hand man of Bennett when "ma papper" was but a stripling alongside of its present dimensions. Within a stone's throw was the office of the *Mirror*, where gathered the great celebrities of the day, and I recollect having often seen Morris and Willis turning the corner arm-in-arm, the Siamese Twins of literature as we called them. Down the street stood the old mansion in which dwelt no less a personage than Washington Irving, and in which, at a later day, the poor artist, Morse, perfected those plans for girdling the earth which, as the inventor of the electric telegraph, have made his name famous. On one of these corners were the well kept supper rooms of Green and Mercer, where Major Noah and his *confreres* used to dine; where Cornelius Mathews pondered his "Motley Book," and where the *Home Journal* was originally incubated. Ah! how many newspapers I have seen conceived through this locality to that bourne from whence no traveler returns! Park Benjamin, in his little one horse shay, took this route diurnally to the office of the *New World*, which lay beyond

Here, at Corlisses, foregathered many of the old sports of Gotham, and here the Night Owl Club of literary men and artists was wont to hold its meetings. I have myself heard the knives and forks rattle at that festive board where Burkhardt used to sing *Crambambuli* and "Gemutice" got off his cleverest sayings, and at whose merry meetings even Benjamin did not disdain to preside. In that classic thoroughfare, George P. Morris, Horace Greeley, Samuel Woodworth, Bayard Taylor and Walt Whitman used to "stick type" for a living. In the building directly opposite Harrington exhibited his wonderful theoramas and fantoccini. Close at hand (how such recollections will crowd one!) was the renowned Sandy Welsh's, and nearer still Windust, the prince of caterers, kept that celebrated *rendezvous* of wits and gourmands, of which the glory has departed. Ned was always a conscientious and obliging host, with a family pew in St. Paul's, and his "*Nunquam Non Paratus*" or Shakespeare restaurant, was long the general *rendezvous* of all the professionals of the city. Hamblin dined here and took his frequent "god," and Booth and Forrest here were honored guests. Here it was that old John Povey sat in state when the Park Theatre was in its prime; here have I known Hackett, Cooper, the Placides, Chippendale the elder, rare John Fisher, Brougham, Burton, Wallack, Dean and many other celebrities to repair for respite from their daily toils. It was in this very basement that Povey and Brougham were sitting, discussing theatricals over the half and half, one drizzly evening, when a messenger rushed in to announce that the Park Theatre was on fire. An hour later that basement was knee deep in water and the beautiful edifice was a heap of smoking ruins. After that I missed from the sidewalk the sedate, meditative man who, with hands crossed behind him, would daily saunter up and down before that temple of the muses, and was not surprised to learn that Edmund Simpson was no more. In the "Old Shakespeare" the rich, melodious voice of Tyrone Power has oft been heard, and Buckstone has kept the circle in a roar till the wee small hours. They are all gone—actor, poet, novelist and wit—and the site of the theatre is occupied chiefly by stores in which the din of commerce is heard continually, but it will be many a day before my brain loses all memory of the army of men of talent and genius whose hourly coming and going was so familiar to my ken. I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

THE STATUE IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S.

CARD FROM COLONEL MONSTERY.—This famous professor of swordsmanship, notice of whose arrival from Mexico appears in another column, called upon us on the 22d inst. and left the subjoined communication to which we call the attention of Captain O'Rourke:—

NEW YORK, June 22, 1868.

CAPT. M. J. O'ROURKE:—*Dear Sir*—While in Mexico I received a challenge from you, dated May 18, but until now I have not been able to give it my attention, much to my regret. Now, however, I am ready to enter into an agreement with you for a trial of skill in the art of fencing with infantry broadswords, but must respectfully decline that portion of your challenge referring to wing drill competitions or company movements, as I have not made a specialty of that branch. I shall be happy to meet you at any place you may appoint, to make the necessary arrangements, which I trust may be consummated speedily and with mutual satisfaction. An answer through the CLIPPER will be promptly attended to.

Respectfully yours, C. H. MONSTERY.

A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—Col. C. H. Monstery, the celebrated swordsman and professor of gymnastics, returned to this city last week from Mexico, where he has been sojourning several months. He gives anything but a flattering description of the state of affairs in that ever distracted republic. It will be remembered that previous to his departure for Havana and the Pacific coast last autumn the Colonel issued a challenge to any man in the country to engage in a trial of prowess with either sword, bayonet or knife, which we believe he still stands ready to make good.

SKITTLE MATCH.—The first game of the home-and-home match, 11 chalks up, stand fair, for $50 a side, between those skittle experts, George Blackmore and James Daly, took place at Harrison's Orange Shades, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 15th inst., and resulted in favor of the former, after a good contest. The return match was fixed for decision at Sam Lyons, on the 22d inst. John Goulding was referee.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

TO CLIPPER CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.

The Postmaster of New York has issued a notice, to the principal points of which we here call attention, so that letters sent us shall avoid danger of miscarriage. 1. All letters directed to box numbers will be delivered promptly through their respective boxes. 2. All letters directed to street and number will be delivered promptly through carriers. 3. All letters directed neither to box numbers nor to street and number, but simply New York, will be delivered through boxes, by carriers, or at general delivery window, as may be found practicable. To avoid delay and mistaken delivery, we should like all correspondents, whether with news or on business, to address us thus—NEW YORK CLIPPER, Box 3,860, New York P. O.

To Correspondents.

RICHMOND PUGILIST, Richmond, Indiana.—1. Mace fought Slack, Thorpe, Brettle (twice), Price, Travers, Hurst, King (twice), and Goss (three times). 2. Goss fought Rooke, Price (twice), Crutchley, Ryall (twice), Mace (three times), and Tom Allen. He is now matched against Harry Allen for the championship. 3. Fistiana accredits Dooney Harris with having fought thrice in England, with Hannigan, Baldock and Dillon; Since his arrival in America he has fought Patsy Marley, Peter Martin and Tommy Chandler. 4. He was so dubbed while residing at a place bearing that name in California. 5. It is not improbable. 6. Not formally.

GEO. F. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Josh Ward is accredited with having pulled five miles in 35:10, although it has always been believed that either the time was incorrect or the course less than five miles. 2. The distance from Putney to Mortlake, the usual course for long distance matches in England, is 4¼ miles, and the fastest time in which it has been rowed is 23 min. 13 sec., by White, in his race with Harry Clasper. Kelly's time, in his first race of 4 miles, 755 yards, right away, with Hamill, was 33 min. 29 sec.; in his second, 2½ miles, to a stake-boat and return, about 36 minutes.

BLACK CROOK.—He is a good basso, but is of such a quarrelsome disposition that he makes things disagreeable all the time. Managers cannot put any dependence in him, as he will jump a company without a moment's notice for one dollar a week more salary.

R. P.—"Fighting Hayes," of the Glasgow House, Greenwich street, this city, who made himself conspicuous by repairing damage done by the Astor Place rioters while the riot was in progress, is the same man who whipped Bill Poole in a turn-up.

WANT TO KNOW.—Dr. Clows, who was found guilty of killing Charles Carson in West Thirty-sixth street and sentenced to Sing Sing for two years, was released upon a writ of error after serving eleven hours. It is not likely that the case will ever be brought up again.

W. B., St. Louis.—1. All bets on the McCoole and Coburn match are off. 2. The main stakes are still in the hands of the stakeholder. 3. By mutual agreement, another spot may be selected if the men decide to meet at a future time.

TYRO, St. Louis.—1. You are obliged to jump. 2. Fifty dollars each. 3. Cannot say who will be in the lead next season. 4. One hundred dollars in gold for first cabin, at present, owing to the great opposition. It has been as high as $350.

S. H. S., Quincy, Ill.—1. We make no charge for publishing challenges; but you should send on a deposit of ten dollars or more as an earnest of intentions. 2. You did not send your name in full to be answered by mail.

T. AND G.—"Bets G that in a game of seven up, each having two to go, high, game goes out before low, Jack. Is it so?" ..... No; low, Jack goes out first, as the point for game is the last one taken.

ALEX., Baltimore.—Mr. William Smith was the champion bone player and maintained the title against all "bonists" up to his retirement from the stage. We have no champion now. Some think Joe Murphy the best at present before the public, while others consider Dave Reed's execution the best.

R. B., Chicago.—"A challenges club B for a Home and Home match; A furnishes ball for first game; does he not have to furnish it for the second and third game (if third is played)?" .....No, in the second game B furnishes the ball.

BASE BALLIST, Burlington.—1. Creighton was the pitcher of the Excelsior Club in 1860. 2. He was considered the greatest pitcher of his day, and never has had a superior. 3. He died a few years since, sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

J. K., Elgin, Ill.—Bendigo defeated Ben Caunt July 21, 1835, and again on Sept. 9, 1845, and was beaten by him April 3, 1838. Bendigo committing a foul by going down without a blow.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE POINT, Buffalo, N. Y.—Dan Donnelly fought Cooper and Hall at Curragh Kildare, Ireland, and Oliver at Crawley Hurst, England.

S. S., St. Louis.—A few weeks ago it was her intention to city. Can give you an date. Cannot say positively whether tomine.

FORT HILL BOY, Boston.—The referee having been mutually agreed upon, his decision is binding, and you lose the money wagered.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Antonio, Texas.—1. Pocahontas' fastest pacing time was 2:17½. 2. Flora Temple's fastest trotting time was 2:19¾.

GLEE CLUB, La Grange.—His duties are to make out the programme, direct the business of the stage, and keep the boys in order.

H. MCCORMICK, Washington, D. C.—At cribbage, three deuces, one five and one six count eight, viz.: two for fifteen and six for pair-royal.

T. J. E., Baltimore.—1. They are good, but not the best troupe organized. 2. He is a fast walker. 3. Topley is the best.

W. AND W., Montreal.—They receive from twenty-five to thirty dollars each a week.

A. MARCHER.—You may be able to procure a copy through some member of the club, not otherwise

WALKING DICTIONARY.—He is said to have resided for some time on Staten Island.

H. B., Cincinnati.—1. They are not to be had. 2. Your bet cannot be decided until the parties are liberated.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburgh.—In the event of the match not coming off, each man draws his own money.

S. T. B., Wataga.—According to the last census, Chicago, 110,250; Cincinnati, 265,000.

BOZ, Philadelphia.—They are not married. Cannot say where they will dance next season.

W. A. A., Washington, D. C.—Your communication arrived too late for insertion in our last issue.

E., New Haven, Conn.—Thanks for information and for the offer. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

INQUIRER, Brooklyn.—Showing the same article is not showing one like it, and therefore A wins the wager.

SMIGGY, St. Louis.—C has no right to object, as the matter rests entirely with A and B.

D. G., Sparta, Wis.—His address is No. 107 Nassau street, we believe.

W. H.—The word Derby is usually pronounced by the English as though spelled Darby.

DON JUAN, East Troy.—He is traveling with a circus company in the West.

C. L. B., Jackson.—Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

AGNES, Boston.—She is at present playing at the Broadway Theatre in this city.

NEWARK.—1. McCoole weighed over 200 lbs. on the 27th of May; Coburn 149 lbs. 2. It is of marble.

CARLOS, Cincinnati.—Excelsior, Atlantic and Eckford clubs have been champions. The Unions are the present champions.

T. A. H., Washington.—A base on a hit is scored if the player is put out before reaching home

W. H. A., The Eckford Club won every game they played in 1862 and 1863.

CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.—Sayers and Mace never fought together in the ring.

ENGINEER, Saginaw.—You would do best by applying to some of our ocean steamer engineers.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.—Gen. Grant's is the higher grade.

ROVER, Newark, N. J.—The Atlantics were never champions

CONSTANT READER.—No.

INDEPENDENT, JR., Johnstown.—1. Yes. 2 Yes.

G. F. D., Boston.—A must give B one point, or run the cards

READER.—A must beat all in the room or he loses the wager.

W. F., Camden, N. J.—See particulars in another column

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—The gain per cent. is 33⅓.

N. E. NEWS CO.—Do you mean man, horse or what?

C. D. S., Dayton.—Watch our Music Hall summary.

J. L. STEWART.—For thirteen times, $10.92.

FRANK S. FINN.—Send us your address.

C. S.—Amy has sent for her letter.

LAST DYING WORDS.

As it has become a regular custom to report the "last words" of great men just departed, we have been at the pains to collate a few recent examples that have come within our knowledge, and would suggest to readers the propriety of forwarding such additional instances as may occur to them:—

"Going, going, gone!"—Caleb Swackhammer, auctioneer.

"Have you sampled that last lot of molasses?"—Solomon Saccharine, grocer.

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"—Dick Buskin, the actor.

"*Finis!*"—Byron Bellows, the unsuccessful author.

"That's the ticket!"—Peter Bunkum, the eminent politician.

"Take my life, but spare all I have."—Dusenbury Dinks, who fell at the hands of highwaymen.

"O, that damned doctor!"—Solomon Swipes.

"Sammy, my son," said the sainted Jonas Doolittle, previous to his departure for a better and a happier world, "before I go let me leave with you a solemn injunction; take care of your pennies and your dollars will take care of themselves." A new, bright copper coin was placed in the hands of the old man, who continued to play with it until he gradually went the way of all flesh.

"Forward, march!"—Captain McPheeters, of the Bungtown militia.

At the demise of Mr. Peregrine Piper, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, who had been an extensive grower of onions, a huge string of those vegetables was held up before his eyes at his own request. After regarding the onions for a few moments with increasing agitation, he broke into tears, and, exclaiming "*Hinc illæ lachryma*," instantly expired.

"Shut up the ledger; account's closed!"—James Hardgripe, merchant.

"Gabriel, blow your horn!"—Rev. Jonadab Jenkins.

"Pegged out!"—Seth Heeltap, shoemaker.

"Bowled out!"—Jack Leggit, cricketer.

"Now for a jolly good holiday at last!"—Poor Luckless, the friendless vagabond.

THE SALMON CHASE.—It is thought in some quarters that the Democratic party, in their convention at Tammany Hall on the 4th of July, will nominate Judge Chase as their Presidential candidate. The movement, we presume, will bring into the fold many of Judge Chase's old Whig warm friends.

SEEING INTO THINGS.—Some ill-natured papers suggest that as Ben. Butler seems so anxious to "investigate" everything, he should turn his attention to his own administration in New Orleans. Ah! but might not Benjamin be a little "spooney" about that?

THE PENDING THEATRICAL BILL.

There is now before Congress a bill which, should it pass into a law, will seriously effect the managers of theatres. We have carefully perused its clauses, among which we find one that provides a scale of exactions that, in our opinion at least, savor very much of high handed despotism. In the first place, it is proposed that the sum of $2 shall be given to the revenue on the basis of every $100 taken at the doors. This, in itself, is sufficiently oppressive; but the worst remains behind. The two per cent. on the income of our theatres, oppressive, uncalled-for and unnecessary as it is, will not satisfy the framers of this bill, who are ready to make a second dip into the pockets of our managers by means of a carefully graduated schedule, under which the seating capacity of a theatre, without any reference whatever to the actual occupancy of the same, is to pay duty as follows, on each representation given:—

If the place will not seat more than five hundred persons, the demand is to be $2; between five hundred and a thousand, $5; between the latter number and two thousand, $15; and if more than two thousand, $20. As it has been already stated, these sums have to be levied on each performance, including *matinees*.

Let us illustrate the matter a little by a brief allusion to Niblo's, where the performances in a single year may be accounted as three hundred and sixty-five. Now, apart from the exaction of two per cent. on the receipts of this establishment, the manager would have to give, as a tax on the bare seating capacity of his house, the large sum of $7,300 annually—both, be it remembered, in addition to the heavy expenses now contingent on his enterprise.

It is to be hoped that the bill will not pass into a law. The country is already taxed to an extreme; and if there is any necessity to inflict fresh burthens, they should not fall on the shoulders of those who can ill bear them. Much less should the means of public amusement and improvement be condemned to bear the obligations that rightfully accrue to other things—to luxuries, for example. Tax them, if you will, for they are non-productive of the results which flow from the amusements of the theatre, and can well be paid for by those who choose to enjoy them. It is far different with the exhibitions of the stage, which are a public necessity and an inevitable good, and therefore ought to be entirely free from extravagant toll or impost. In pondering over the particulars of the bill in question, it must be apparent that the provision touching the seating capacity of a theatre is the most unreasonable of any. An establishment that can accommodate five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred, or two thousand or more, may yet, on any occasion, be poorly attended; notwithstanding the stipulated percentage on its space is the same as though it were thronged to repletion!

The absurdity, as well as the injustice of this is apparent. All taxation, at all times and under all circumstances, should be based on a received amount; but, in this case, no plea of the sort is attempted. What *could* be, not what *will be*, is the foundation on which the bill now before Congress strives to erect itself into a law. The circumstance in virtue of which it is fain to put its hand into certain pockets and the circumstance that could place the required amount there, are two things and entirely distinct; still there is no allowance or qualification in the matter. A theatre has only to be measured in relation to what it *can* hold, and to be taxed thereon, no matter what it *does* hold.

We affirm, without the slightest hesitation, that all reasonable persons must consider the bill characterized by these clauses as a most obnoxious one; and we hope that it will be rejected in the high place into which it has been unwisely thrust.

THE FAST YOUTH OF OUR DAY.

We live in an age of humbug and cant. Men of solid worth and respectability are hourly to be met with who condemn and satirize the very follies for which they themselves were, in earlier life, distinguished. This is the case, especially with regard to the strictures passed in various quarters upon the fast young men of our day. We do not, by any means, intend to urge that, to be smart, it is necessary that our youth should be expert in the various practices which figure under the name of dissipation, but surely there is no good reason why they should be sedate and play the Puritan at an age which nature teaches us in strongest language was made expressly for enjoyment. The fact is, some few may sham a degree of propriety they do not feel, but the moment the eye of the censor is directed away and the back of strict decorum turned, youth will be found o'erleaping all impediments, and diverting itself in the manner most agreeable to its humors and inclinations. Some of the most profound of statesmen and most eminent divines were among the gayest of the gay at an earlier stage of life, and perpetrated, out of pure deviltry, freaks which they now regard with sanctimonious horror. One of our most distinguished clergymen was, even while a student of divinity, the most skillful boxer, the heaviest drinker, the best posted in slang of all his acquaintances; another wrote high pressure novelettes and went to the races; still another was a regular frequenter of the ..... and mobdens, and actually married a young woman of ..... chants and bankers who were so many counterparts of Tom and Jerry in their day; who patronized the turf, addicted themselves to yachting, were adepts at balling and rowing, played billiards and tenpins, were good at bringing down a bird or catching a fish, and could even "handle their mauleys" like veritable professors of the science, yet who are rather the better than the worse for their experience, being more healthy and self-reliant than if they had been tied to their mothers' apron strings. O, don't purker your mouth and look daggers, Mr. Sobersides! we've been there and seen you at it. As well deny that you ever were young, or that those passions and inclinations which nature has implanted in all alike were wholly wanting in you. You might say it, but who would believe you? In sober earnest, mankind have been slowly learning that practices which they once tabooed as pernicious are in reality innocent and productive of an access of mental and bodily vigor. Even clergymen are growing to be less straight-laced in their notions. We no longer lack a Doctor Bellows to plead publicly in favor of the stage, and only a few days ago the Reverend Mr. Stebbins, in a Sunday sermon, openly took the ground that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and delivered an eloquent address from that text, clearly showing that it was originally intended for a day of needed recreation and relief from business cares. So, "the word *does* move," at last! Young men may still be pronounced "fast" by prudes and hypocrites, but so long as they addict themselves to manly sports and games there need be no fear but that the coming generation will surpass its predecessors in all the points essential to male perfection.

A DREAM OF DECAY.

The eyes of one grown used to existing abuses and too preoccupied to attempt to correct them may not take note of the fact, but it is lamentably apparent to an "outside barbarian" that the city is fast going to decay. Don't talk to us of your elegant marble banks, hotels and dwellings; they may answer to amuse the public as a child is amused by a toy, but one of these magnificent structures is no sooner erected than one more gorgeous still is put up alongside, and the predecessor is pronounced old and unsightly. The sidewalks are regular man traps; that around City Hall Park has not been repaired for at least thirty years, perhaps not for a hundred. The "Battery" is a mere landing place for immigrants and a spot for the dumping of dirt. The wharves are so rotten and dilapidated that the original shores, with their weed grown rocks, are beginning to reveal themselves, and the piers are floating off in the bay, while the warehouses are tottering and threatening to follow. Why not a stone bulkhead and series of quays that would be an honor to the city? Must the ornamental altogether give place to the useful? A dream not long since revealed to us a terrible state of affairs, as prophetic of the future. By some strange chance we found our feet straying at midnight through Fulton Market. All was dark and still, when at the sound of a gavel a flood of brilliant light irradiated the place, and the stalls appeared to be alive with every variety of fish, flesh and fowl in rampant postures. A grim visaged shad had the chair. He compained that the slips, as well as the stands, were so filthy from accumulating dirt that it was getting to be injurious to the human health to purchase them. A large halibut remarked that "that was so!" His friends had often noticed that people would reject them after one smell. An old lobster said he would have stood no chance if it had not been for his shell. A turtle from Bermuda said he did not care how soon he got out of it. A fine fat piece of mutton was confident that the tainted condition in which his companions were disposed of filled graveyards weekly. A sleek looking beef said it made him sick to think of it, while a sausage mewed that it was putting them altogether out of market. A round robin was drawn up and signed by those present, to be laid on the superintendent's desk for presentation to the city fathers, and, after a spirited song by a few wilted heads of cabbage and cauliflowers, the president said "lettuce" adjourn or we shall lose our "scelery," and if such a thing should come of our "hearty jokes" that would be indeed a sad "turnup." Carried *nem. con.*, and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

FREE FEED.—The re-opening of the Astor House, recently made a stir among the lunch routers and free feeders of a free and independent press, a number of the latter being on hand at an early hour to partake of the hospitalities of mine host, and testify to the liberal spirit and indefatigable character of the "man what keeps the place." It is estimated that some sixty odd hungry representatives of the press were present, but it is impossible to estimate the quantity of provender consumed by them, or the value of the sentiments interchanged on this occasion. It is not true that the Astor is to be included among the regular daily lunch resorts, as its near proximity to the newspaper offices would entail upon it such a press of free trade as to deprive the paying *habitues* of their rights. The cost of feeding these several hungry independent representatives of the press is not stated, but the expense of breakfasting the same number of equally independent lunchers and loungers at the station houses is five dollars and a half.

MAKING GAME.—It is said that the usually good natured mugs of McCoole and Coburn have of late a regular cross bar look

HORACE GREELEY AS A PUGILIST.

A recent number of the *Ledger* contains a further instalment of Greeley's Recollections of a Busy Life. Greeley has already gone over a period of about 250 years and displays an evident intention to let his "Recollections" extend as far into the future. We were prepared to greet Horace as a mental philosopher; to offer him our fin as a bran-bread disciple; to accept his views on the subject of white hats and black men; to listen to his efforts at Agricultural Fairs; to travel with him, in imagination, "On to Richmond" and bail Jeff Davis. But, O Horace! you have surpassed our fondest dream! You are a fightist, and we had given you no credit for using your mawleys for any other purpose than quill driving. But, as the novelists say, we anticipate. The late excitement aroused by the proposed match between Coburn and McCoole has doubtless revived, in the memories of many, reminiscences of set-tos and encounters. Amongst those who have suddenly remembered that a sprig of the laurels of pugilism properly belongs to their brows is our friend Horace Greeley. It seems that Horace was in Paris in the summer of 1855. That while there he made resolve to return to his native land, pack up his carpet bag and go to Washington, where, as he naively remarks, "my associates had repeatedly regretted that I did not spend more time." To these gallant co-laborers he divulged the important fact that he now designed to make a long visit to the city of Magnificent Distances. We can well imagine the jubilee of the boys in the *Tribune* office when the boss went away. It was then that the pensive Dana dreamed the dream which has been consummated in the *Sun*. That frisky youth, Solon Robinson, doubtless planted a strawberry bush on the seat which the senior editor was wont to occupy. The mighty Ottarsen put the close reins on his little troop of hollow-cheeked reporters, and the then budding William Winter flooded the Poet's Corner with his lame effusions. But why went the bold Horace to Washington, leaving his subordinates to run the machine? He was not a member of Congress. He had long before closed his brief career of ninety days as a representative. Thirteen years have passed and finally, with a beautiful vagueness which reminds us of the poet's song, and yet with a certain dash of accuracy that savors of the *Tribune Almanac*, "Aitchje" (as Weed calls him), tells why this was thus. He hints—merely hints, nothing more—that he designed to get up a fight. The exciting contest for Speaker of the House roused the hot blood of the Southerners, and one of them, Mr. Albert Rust, found fault with some of the criticisms of Horace. So what does the Arkansaw Ranger do but meet his nibs, Greeley, on the steps of the capitol one afternoon and he says to him, says he, "Wouldn't resent an insult?" "Which it depends on circumstances," Horace did make reply; whereupon, without further provocation, the Ranger struck the editor a skull-softener with a bit of a stick which he carried about to clinch arguments with. Horace's feelings were evidently hurt. He more than intimates that he didn't feel well. He saw stars shining with undue brilliancy. His old white hat covered an aching head. His yellow hair seemed all afire. He would have fallen had he not supported himself on the railing of the steps. He sums it all up by saying that he was partly stunned. Then the valiant Rust retired from the field and doubtless put in a claim for the stake money and the championship. Horace shook himself together, collected as many of his scattered senses as he could conveniently find, quaffed a snifter of water—the only beverage in which he ever indulges—and started for the National Hotel to write a full description of the thrilling combat expressly for the *Tribune*. Alas! how unsafe it is to lay plans for the future in the city of Washington. Even as he wandered on, looking confidingly at the leg of his trousers which clung lovingly to the top of his boot, the Ranger had assembled his forces for a flank movement at the corner of Third street. As he drew near Horace spied his antagonist and felt that the trying moment of his life was approaching. It was too late to retreat. Now or never was the time. Ambition lured him on. As Halleck says:—

"In dreams, along the street he bore
The trophies of a conqueror,
In dreams, the champion's belt he saw,
Then smacked the Ranger in the jaw;
As with the thought and speed of wing,
As those who tread the magic ring."

He tried to remember the particulars of the "brutal encounter' between Hyer and Sullivan. He felt in his coat tail pocket for the copy of the CLIPPER. He bemoaned the hours that he had wasted over his exchanges. Why had he not taken lessons in boxing? As he reached the corner, oh! horror of horrors! Rust had got a new cane. Fierce anger gleamed from the eyes of the fire-eater. "Suddenly," says Horace, "he struck me across my arm which I had raised (into boxing position, we presume), a violent blow, which broke his cane, *just as I was about to close with him.*" This caps the climax. Imagination vainly strives to picture what would have been the result if the fearless Greeley had closed with the dauntless Rust. Perhaps the rag Greeley had closed with the dauntless Rust. Perhaps the rag Greeley had would have found next morning a white coat, blood-bespattered, on the avenue. Rust subsequently became a rebel brigadier. Who knows but that brigadier would have carried into the "lost cause" a broken snout? We drop the curtain on the scene. It is harrowing to contemplate the sanguinary results which would inevitably have followed if Horace Greeley "had closed

WALKER.—We have had a great many walking matches of late, matches in which Tom, Dick and Harry were represented as having walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, 100 miles in 24 hours, and various other similar pedestrian achievements. It is a little singular, however, that none of these extraordinary performances have been properly authenticated. To make reports of such feats reliable, the affidavits should always be given of the parties selected to watch the pedestrians. It was only the other day that one of these walkers was detected taking his ease and comfort while a substitute was doing his walking. When Captain Barclay performed his great feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, every detail was authenticated by witnesses who took their turn in accompanying the pedestrian and noting his movements. This feat is no easy task, neither is that of walking 100 miles in 24 hours. Very few are capable of accomplishing them when watched. There is a great deal of humbug, too, in the fast running races which some of the sensational dailies are always recording.

THE AMERICAN HOYLE.—The fifth edition of this valuable work to those interested in in-door games, has just been published by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. This demand shows that its merits are highly appreciated and approved by the sporting public.

SOME PEOPLE think that the ex-champion, Joe Coburn, did not display very great wisdom in going almost unattended to the ring. Well, ex's cannot always be y's.

THE *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *World* and *Sun* may be likened to a "Flash of Lightning," seeing that they are dailies (Daly's).

"OUR JIM" wishes to know why some other club don't get up a Jerome Park. We tell him its because they can't have Fordham.

WHEN COULTER broke his oar in his race with Hamill, it was easily seen that it was a one sided affair.

THE "GLASS OF FASHION"—Whiskey. The "mould of form"—the tax of two dollars.

POPULAR DANCE AT PETROLEUM CENTRE.—He land fling.

Sporting Squibs.

— Job Hammond, near New Bedford, Mass., has constructed a fishing basket which, when sunk to the bottom of a river or pond, opens by a weight covering a space on the bottom of four feet square. When the basket is drawn up by a string attached, the bottom closes, securing any stray fish which may have happened in.

— A dromedary race took place in Egypt on April 15th, distance four miles. Haras el Camardan's Sad won the first prize, £100, and Mr. Read's Mabrouah the second, £20. Pace slow and tiresome.

— A sweet potato, raised in Cuba, weighs 40 lbs., is 23 inches long, 9 inches in diameter, and 29 in circumference. You might put eight or more ordinary potatoes together, and they would not equal this potato.

— The Fleetwing, of the N. Y. Yacht Club, one of the Atlantic race competitors, with Commodore Vanderbilt and suite on board, arrived at Providence, R. I., from New York, on the 16th, in 23 hours.

— A number of German sharpshooters are expected to take part in the National Schutzenfest this week, and a number of prizes have been received, including a $250 diamond ring.

— Sawing wood in the bottom of a pond thirty-six feet below the surface was performed in Woonsocket, R. I., on the 17th inst. by a diver, who repaired the waste gate of a dam.

— A Cricket Match, of one innings each, was played at Montreal, C. E., between the 1st Battalion of 60th Rifles and Civilians of Montreal. The military won by a score of 103 to 57.

— The South Boston, Mass., Yacht Club dedicated their new edifice on the 16th inst. It is located on K near Ninth street Commodore John Greer presided.

— A huge sweet potatoe, weighing 40lbs. 24 inches long, 9 in diameter, and 29 in circumference, has just been received in Portland, Me., from Cuba.

— A Prince of Wales horse won a first prize at the great horse show in England, recently, and the crowd hissed the animal.

— The Royal London, Eng., Yacht Club had their first regatta on the 30th ult., and the Royal Thames Club followed suit on June 24.

— A Mr. Spencer offers to bet £2,000 that within a year the omnibusses of London, Eng., will pass over the houses.

— "Dorgs," which formerly fetched 50 cents a head, are now only worth 25 cents at the slaughtering pound.

— In Paris a race is talked of between Prince Achille Murat on horseback, and M. de Verin on a velocipede.

— A paper *mache* life boat has been exhibited at San Francisco, California.

— A North Carolina alligator ate a nigger boy in Newbern a few days ago.

— The Mississippi "What Is It?" has been chased again by a party of hunters. Echo says, what is it?

— Twelve thousand dollars in premiums will be distributed at the State Fair in Indiana.

BOSTON VS. NEW

BASE BALL.

THE ATLANTIC TOUR.

As detailed in last week's CLIPPER, the Atlantic Club played the first game of their trip at Syracuse on the 15th inst. The same day the party left Syracuse for Niagara Falls, where they were under engagement to play the Young Canadian Club of Woodstock, C. W., on the 15th, at the Tournament grounds. The Falls were reached on Sunday morning, and during the day the club were the recipients of many attentions at the hands of Mr. O. P. Moore, the President of the Niagara Falls Club, and his associates. They were quartered at the International Hotel the proprietor of which, Mr. Fulton, had offered a special prize of a silver ice pitcher, silver and two gold-lined goblets, to be contended for in the grand international match. On Sunday afternoon the entire party were conveyed in carriages to the Canadian side of the Falls, where they had their pictures taken and were otherwise honized. Goat Island, the Cave of the Winds and the other attractive points on the American side were also visited.

Monday morning, 15th, the boys were stirring early, some taking another look at the Falls, and others strolling round the village, making purchases. About 11 o'clock, the Young Canadian nine arrived at the International, accompanied by a large delegation of friends, and as the Canucks, who were to play with the Atlantics, strolled about the hotel and became acquainted with the Americans they attracted considerable attention. They were all good sized, well made men, but they didn't have the appearance of ball players—at least, such as one meets in the States, and particularly in the metropolis. An early dinner had been ordered, and after putting on their ball suits, the players were taken to the Tournament grounds in omnibuses. Arrived at their destination, they were greeted with cheers by an assemblage of 2,000 or 3,000 spectators, several hundred of whom were ladies. After a short delay in getting the crowd back the game commenced. The Atlantics were first to the bat, and Pearce led off with a beauty to centre field. Hit and come again was the order till Crane faced the music. Fred gave Edwards a chance on an easy fly catch, and retired. Mills made his base on a safe hit, and came home on Ferguson's stroke, who scored a clean home run. Pratt scored next, when Zettlein and Pearce closed the innings, the former going out on a foul bound by Pascoe, and Dick being put out at second, after making his first by attempting to steal a base. The first two batsmen on the Canadian side hit directly to short, but Pearce was slow in handling the ball, and they both held their bases and finally scored. Clyde popped up an easy one for Smith, which that worthy held. Hearn was disposed of on a foul bound, and Atkinson struck out. Totals, 7 to 2. On the second innings the Atlantics added eight to their score, Smith and Pratt making home runs. This left the score 15 to 2, and the Atlantics began to think they had a soft thing; but the Canadians handled the willow to some purpose for their share of the innings, and made 11, Young, Jackson and Pascoe making double figures, and the latter getting a clean home run. This was quite a change in affairs, and as it left the score 15 to 13, with the Atlantics only two ahead, they found they had some work before them. By the fine fielding of Sweetman and Hearn the Atlantics were retired for three runs in the third innings. This left the Atlantics only five ahead, with an innings for the Canadians. Zettlein was assigned to pitch, and in consequence of this judicious change, Clyde and Hearn were the only ones who made runs, Mills putting out Atkinson on a foul bound, and Smith and Start getting rid of Pascoe and Jackson. In the next two innings the Atlantics added twelve to their score, while they only allowed their opponents to get two. This left the totals 30 to 17 at the end of the fifth innings. The Atlantics had made six in the next innings and the Canadians were at the bat, when rain put a stop to further proceedings and the game was called. The following is the score, including left on bases and fly catches:—

Atlantic.	O.	R.	L.	F.	Canadian.	O.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	2	0	0	Douglas, l f	2	1	1	0
Smith, 2d b	1	4	1		Sweetman, 1st b	1	3	0	1
Start, 1st b	4	2	0		Clyde, p	3	1	0	0
Chapman, l f	3	3	0		Hearn, c	2	2	0	1
Crane, c f	3	3	0	0	Atkinson, r f	2	0	1	0
Mills, c	2	4	0	1	Pascoe, 3d b	1	2	1	1
Ferguson, 3d b	3	2	0	0	Jackson, c f	2	2	0	0
Pratt, p	1	3	0	1	Edwards, s s	2	0	0	1
Zettlein, r f	1	4	0	1	Young, 2d b	1	2	0	0
Totals	15	30	5	3	Totals	15	17	2	4

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	7	5	3	6	6—30				
Canadian	2	11	2	2	0—17				

Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 3; Canadian, 3. Umpire—Mr. A. Martin, of the Eckford Club, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Hunt. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

In the evening the prizes were presented by Mr. Fulton in an appropriate speech, to which Mr. George Rogers, Secretary of the Atlantics, responded. Champagne and speeches filled up an agreeable hour, all hands taking a sip of wine from the goblets. The silverware will be on exhibition at Mike Henry's, Fulton street, Brooklyn, until the excursionists return, when it will adorn the club room.

THE ATLANTICS IN BUFFALO.

THEIR DEFEAT BY A COUNTRY CLUB.

On Tuesday morning, 16th inst., the Atlantics took the 9 o'clock train for Buffalo, where they were received at the depot on their arrival by the reception committee of the Niagara Club, and conveyed in carriages to the Tift House. In the afternoon the ball ground of the Niagaras presented an animated appearance, some 5,000 spectators being present to witness the contest. The game opened auspiciously for the Niagaras, who exhibited their fielding qualities in the first two innings to such good purpose that the Atlantics were unable to score. At the bat they also appeared to good advantage, securing five runs in the first and four in the second from safe batting, thus making the score 9 to 0. In the next innings, after breaking the ice by scoring a single, the Atlantics sent Pratt in to pitch. The change worked to advantage, the Niagaras retiring without scoring in the next three innings. In the meantime the Atlantics had got to work in earnest and added 8 to their totals, leaving the score a tie at the end of the fifth innings. This result was very encouraging, and served to nerve the Atlantics to renewed efforts. In the next innings they improved their advantage by scoring 3 to 1, thus taking the lead by 12 to 10. But the seventh innings witnessed another change, and one which virtually decided the game. By a pretty display of fielding the Atlantics were retired for "nix," while the Niagaras, getting the range of Pratt, rattled off five runs in good style, leaving the totals 15 to 12. From this point out the Atlantics struggled hard to regain the lead, but they were out batted and out fielded, as they had been, in fact, all through the game. Three runs in the eighth and a whitewash in the ninth left the game in the hands of the Niagaras, who scored four runs in the two innings. The friends of the Atlantics who witnessed the game are said to have been satisfied that their favorites did all in their power to win. The Niagaras had everything to win and nothing to lose, while the Atlantics occupied a position just the opposite of this. Start captured Hopkins's grounder at first base, and four double plays were made by Smith, Start, Zettlein and Pearce. In fact the fielding of the whole nine was fully equal to anything they have done this season. On the part of the Niagaras Van Velsor disposed of 13 at first, and Howley, McDonald and Van Velsor made a double play. The fine pitching of Atwater did most of the mischief. His delivery is very swift, and he is looked upon as having no peer but McBride. The Atlantics took their defeat good naturedly, and fraternized with the victors after the game. The score is appended, including left on bases and fly catches:—

Atlantic.	O.	R.	L.	F.	Niagara.	O.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	5	0	1	2	M. Holley, c	3	3	0	2
Smith, 2d b	1	1	2	1	Hawley, s s	2	3	1	1
Start, 1st b	1	1	0	0	Emerson, 1 b	1	1	2	1
Chapman, l f	3	3	0	0	Cowing, r f	1	3	1	0
Crane, c	3	3	0	0	Burt, 3d b	3	4	0	0
Mills, c	2	4	0	1	Atwater, p	5	0	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b	2	2	1	1	M. Holley, c	3	2	1	0
Pratt, p	0	1	2	0	McDonald, 2d b	4	1	1	2
Zettlein, p	4	0	1	3	Van Velsor, 1st b	3	2	0	4
Totals	27	15	8	7	Totals	27	19	6	12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	9	0	1	4	4	3	0	3	0—15
Niagara	5	4	0	0	0	1	5	1	3—19

Umpire—Alex. Lowrie, of Hamilton Club, of Jamestown. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Green. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

THE ATLANTICS IN CLEVELAND.

Much interest was manifested in Cleveland in the match between the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, and the Railway Union Club, of Cleveland, and the arrival of the Atlantics on the morning of the 17th was the signal for the cessation from business of the city "base ball stats." An early hour in the afternoon the well arranged but rather contracted grounds of the Unions were well filled by lovers of the game, and when the game was called, not less than three thousand persons were on the ground, notwithstanding the high price of admission, gentlemen fifty cents, ladies twenty-five cents. Game was called at half past two, the Unions taking the willow.

First Innings.—Melton was first at the bat, but soon went to grief on a foul. Doubleday followed, and made first on a good strike; Riley struck out; Doubleday mistaking for a fair, ran to second, and was put out on his return; Riley made three strikes and his first on a passed ball; Hardenburg struck a fly which was accepted by Crane. Side out with one run. Atlantic.—Smith sent the ball to the centre field and made his first, and then second on a passed ball; Start made his first, and stole his second and third; Chapman retired on a foul; Crane struck an easy fly which Hardenburg muffed, and made his second on a wild throw; Mills made a good strike to right field, stole second, and Scheffer made a beautiful strike by Fraser, who also reached home safely. Pratt struck to centre field and made his first, as did Zettlein; Macdonald tried the same once too often, and was caught out by Bradbier; Smith made first on a short strike, Wells followed suit; Ferguson, less fortunate, closed the innings. Side out—eleven runs.

Second Innings.—Brabier sent an invitation to Crane, who kindly accepted it, and B. retired; Bouse, after striking four fouls in succession, put the fifth right in Start's hands; Davis made a good hit on which he stole second; Frame sent an easy one to Smith, and this put the side out with a whitewash. Atlantic—Pratt made first on a daisy-cutter; Zettlein did the same; McDonald sent one to short stop, who didn't stop it; Start struck a high one to centre, which Bradbier attended to; Chapman made first on a fly muffed by Frame; Crane made his tally; Mills got first, from which he was forced by Ferguson, and put out at second. Side out with five runs.

Third Innings.—Crumbie to bat, and out at first; Melton almost the same, but Start omitted to hold the ball for once; Doubleday made third on a splendid strike, and then stole home; Riley retired on a foul fly; Hardenburg sent the ball in Smith's way, who captured it. Side out—two runs. Atlantic—Ferguson made his second, Pratt his first; Zettlein batted to the third, but was muffed at first; Mills sent a foul to Crumbie, who took it; Smith struck to centre field and made his base; Start to left, and out by Bradbier; Chapman got home; Crane was put out on first; Mills, Ferguson and Pratt made bases; Zettlein struck a foul, and Pratt neglecting to touch the base on his return, was put out. Side out with four runs.

Ninth Innings.—Melton was caught on a foul; Doubleday, by a good strike to left field, made his second easily; Riley was caught out by Chapman; Hardenburg went out on three strikes. Side out with one run. Atlantic—Zettlein was caught out by Melton; McDonald was caught out on a foul; Smith, Start, Chapman, Crane, Ferguson and Mills made tallies by good strikes; Pratt batted to third out and was put out at first base. Side out with six runs. The score:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Railway Union.	H. L.	R.
Smith, s s	2	6	Melton, r f	3	2
Start, 1st b	4	5	Doubleday, c	2	3
Chapman, l f	2	7	Riley, p	4	1
Crane, 2d b	4	6	Hardenburg, 1st b	3	2
Mills, c	2	6	Bradbier, c f	2	2
Ferguson, 3d b	3	6	Bouse, l f	2	2
Pratt, p	3	4	Davis, 3d b	3	0
Zettlein, r f	2	5	Frame, s s	4	0
McDonald, c f	5	2	Crumbie, 2d b	4	0
Total	47		Total	32	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	11	5	8	0	1	1	11	4	6—47
Railway Union	1	0	2	2	0	0	4	0	1—12

Fly catches—Atlantic: Start, 1; Smith, 1; Chapman, 1; Crane, 3; Mills, 3—total, 9. Railway Union: Milton, 2; Doubleday, 1; Hardenburg, 2; Bradbier, 4; Rouse, 1; Frame, 2; Crumbie, 1—total, 13. Passed balls—Mills, 4; Doubleday, 7. Muffed balls—Chapman, 1; Doubleday, 1; Hardenburg, 1; Bradbier, 1; Frame, 1. Out on bases—Atlantic, 1; Railway Union, 11. Scorers—For Atlantic, J. P. Delaney; for Railway Union, J. W. Kelly. Umpire—C. H. Brown, of the Forest City B. B. C. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

THE ATHLETICS IN CHICAGO.—On the 12th the ex-champions worsted the Eureka Club, of Chicago, by a score of 50 to 7, and on the 20th defeated the Excelsiors by 47 to 12.

THE TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.

GAME IN ILLINOIS.—ATHLETIC vs. BLOOMINGTON.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Athletics left St. Louis on the 14th for Bloomington, Ill., where they arrived at 12 o'clock, midnight, of the same day. The Bloomington players were "on deck" early on Monday morning, dressed for the encounter. They showed the boys the sights, and shortly after dining a band wagon, with a full brass band, struck up an air under the hotel windows, which rather accelerated movements, not in the manner intended, but to starting the boys to tripping it on the "light fantastic." However, when it became known that it was to be considered as a note of warning, the nine players were soon in readiness. The ground selected for play had never before been used for the purpose. The club had had it prepared in view of their contests with the Athletic and Atlantic, but it was far from answering the purpose, giving the field no opportunity to display the fine points of the game. The umpire was the same that had served on both of the St. Louis matches, a member of the Excelsior Club, of Chicago. Accommodations had been erected for seating nearly all in attendance, yet the reporters' space was encroached upon by a mob of some fifty or sixty individuals, upon whom both threats and entreaties were wasted in vain in endeavoring to have them locate elsewhere. The Athletics were sent to the bat, the Bloomingtons having won the toss. Reach secured his first on a soft hit, stealing his second and third, and on an overthrow of Thomas getting home. McBride went out on a fly to Cuthbert; Radcliff, by a hit to right field, secured his first, stole his second, and on an overthrow of Keenan's made his third, getting home on a passed ball. Wilkins was the second hand out on a foul bound by Thomas. Fisler, by a beautiful drive between second and third, secured his first and got to third on a passed and home on an overthrow of Keenan's. Berry, who followed at the bat went out on a foul taken on the bound by Thomas, the Athletics only scoring three marks. Hastings went to his first on a ball hit to Berry, which the latter threw wildly to Fisler. Hastings making his base and trotting to third on a passed, getting home on Keenan's bat amid wild applause, intended partly for him and in recognition of Keenan's very pretty hit to left, which went whizzing by third, and on which Keenan landed at first. "Keeny" gained his second on a passed, stole his third, and got home on a wild throw of Radcliffe. Lackey was fielded out at first by Fisler; Cheney was batted at the same base by Berry; Clark got his first on a ball that Reach grabbed for, but which he missed on the bounce, getting home on Smith's bat, who went to his third on a beautiful hit to right field. Lawrence struck out, but Radcliffe was slow in fielding the ball and Lawrence made his first, Smith getting home. Ives, who followed, popped up a fly that McBride missed, but he was afterwards retired on three strikes, the Bloomingtons retiring for four runs, leading the Athletics one. "How many?" inquired McBride, approaching the scorers' table "Four to three," sang out a half dozen voices. "Aren't it so, Reporter?" inquired a jubilant individual, who entertained the belief that the Bloomington Club was invincible, and that the Philadelphia players would soon be vanquished. However, the Athletics, in the next innings (second), turned the tables, scoring five runs to a cipher for their opponents. Cuthbert opened at the bat, but struck a foul that Thomas took on the bound. "Sensy" got his first on a high ball to left field; he stole to his third, and got home on balls called on Keenan, and on which Schaffer was given his first. Reach sent Schaffer home from second by a grounder to centre, "All" going to third on passed balls, and home on McBride's bat, who was badly muffed by Keenan. Dick made the home plate on Radcliff, who was given his first on three called balls. Wilkins forced "Rattle" from his base, and Clark picked up the ball right quickly, and fielded it to second in time to cut the little Jerseyman off. Wilkins stole his second, and on a wild throw of Thomas' made his third, getting home on a passed ball. Wilkins was just in time, as Fisler went out on the bound immediately afterwards. The Bloomington players on going to the bat were retired in one, two, three order—Thomas was very gracefully halted, at first by Fisler, Hastings struck out, and Keenan was brought to grief by a ball fielded by McBride. The Athletics in the third innings again secured five runs. Berry, who led, was unfortunate—he put up a foul fly that Thomas took. Cuthbert was given his first, and, indeed, his third, on a bad throw of Hastings; Sensy sent him home on a good ball to centre field, but wide of Cheney, Sensy making his third. Schaffer went out on strikes. Sensy stealing home. Al Reach was given his first on balls, Keenan delivering balls repeatedly that went clean over the batsman's and catcher's heads. Indeed, the catcher had anything but an enviable job, and he must needs have stood on stilts to have taken many of the balls sent him. On overpitched balls Reach got his second and third, and on a passed ball got home. McBride, by a hit to left field, made his first, and home on Radcliff, who went to his third on a "beauty" he drove to left, and which, had the little Jerseyman been in condition for running, would have given him a "homer." Wilkins had his first given him on a muff of Cheney's; Sir Isaac only got as far as second, however, as Fisler went out on a fly beautifully taken by Cheney.

The Bloomington players were retired in regular order. Lackey, the first striker, popped up a fly that Schaffer clutched. The two next customers were victims of Radcliff. Berry again had the lead, and by a beautiful drive to the centre field he went clear to his third, and the ball being fielded slowly he got home. Cuthbert drove a ball to the pitcher that the latter held but threw wildly to first, and "Cuthy," who cannot be excelled in estimating the chances, went to his third and eventually home. Sensy got his first on a high ball to right field, and his second and third on passed balls, getting home on Schaffer's drive, who sent a beauty to centre out of every one's reach, and which gave Schafe his third, he getting home on an over pitch. Reach and McBride were disposed of by the energetic little Cheney, Radcliff getting as far as third, when he was left through Wilkins being taken on the fly by Ives. The Bloomingtons were retired as in the fourth innings, Smith popping a fly that Schaffer took, Lawrence hitting a ball over Fisler's head, but which the "Only Fisler" jumped up for and secured, much to the astonishment of the natives, and which was the signal for elevation of the Bloomington players. Ives tipped a foul, and Radcliff was "thar" making whitewash number three for the Bloomingtons. The Athletics again scored four in the fifth innings, Fisler, Reach and McBride making their bases on good hits. Dick, however, was forced by Radcliff, and nabbed by Lackey. Berry and Cuthbert were victims of Thomas and Keenan. Sensy had life given him by a muff of Keenan's, and on overthrows of Clark's hit and Schaffer were assisted to the home plate. The first three strikers of the Bloomington side went out after the old manner, McBride lathering Hastings on the fly, and Radcliff attending to Keenan and Thomas. The Athletics in the sixth round scored three times, Radcliff, Fisler, and Cuthbert marking, Cuthbert getting assistance from Thomas on a wild throw, and of course stealing a base as well as home. Wilkins went out on a fly to Ives. Berry struck out, and "Sensy" was fielded out on a fair throw of Lackey's. The Bloomington players gained two markin this heat, Lackey and Cheney scoring. Clark struck out. Smith and Ives were taken on fine tips by the little Jersey Blue, leaving Lawrence waiting at third. Reach alone marked in the seventh innings—this would have been a whitewash, but for the wild throwing of Keenan and Cheney, which gave "Al" the opportunity. Schaffer was very handsomely taken on the fly by the little model Cheney, who began to be a great "bugaboo" to the Philadelphian players. Thomas took McBride on a foul, and Radcliff, who was forced by Wilkins—second time—was stopped at second on a throw of Lackey's. The Bloomingtons did not make a scratch. Keenan got as far as third, where he was left through Cheney being fielded out at first by Wilkins, Sir Isaac having previously stopped Hastings by a similar throw, Thomas going out on a foul fly taken by the "Only Fisler." By good batting in the eighth innings Reach and McBride made their base and second, Fisler got his on a scratch, Sensy on a muff of Smith, and Schaffer on a pulled strike by Lawrence, in this and the previous innings had shown how easily bases could be run. The Bloomingtons discovered also that they lacked accuracy, and were not in practice in this particular. They now ceased entirely from making any effort to prevent the Philadelphians running the bases; every throw in the previous innings had told fearfully against them, and they saw that it was fruitless to stop the "Quakers" on that pace. Berry and Wilkins were the victims in this innings, Wilkins striking out once, and hitting a fly ball on his second; Frame sent an easy one to Smith, and this put the side out with a whitewash. Atlantic—Pratt made first on a daisy-cutter; Zettlein did the same; McDonald sent one to short stop, who didn't stop it; Start struck a high one to centre, which Bradbier attended to; Chapman made first on a fly muffed by Frame; Crane made his tally; Mills got first, from which he was forced by Ferguson, and put out at second. Side out with five runs.

Third Innings.—Crumbie to bat, and out at first; Melton almost the same, but Start omitted to hold the ball for once; Doubleday made third on a splendid strike, and then stole home; Riley retired on a foul fly; Hardenburg sent the ball in Smith's way, who captured it. Side out—two runs. Atlantic—Ferguson made his second, Pratt his first; Zettlein batted to the third, but was muffed at first; Mills sent a foul to Crumbie, who took it; Smith struck to centre field and made his base; Start to left, and out by Bradbier; Chapman got home; Crane was put out on first; Mills, Ferguson and Pratt made bases; Zettlein struck a foul, and Pratt neglecting to touch the base on his return, was put out. Side out with four runs.

Ninth Innings.—Melton was caught on a foul; Doubleday, by a good strike to left field, made his second easily; Riley was caught out by Chapman; Hardenburg went out on three strikes. Side out with one run. Atlantic—Zettlein was caught out by Melton; McDonald was caught out on a foul; Smith, Start, Chapman, Crane, Ferguson and Mills made tallies by good strikes; Pratt batted to third out and was put out at first base. Side out with six runs. The score:—

Atlantic.	H. L.	R.	Railway Union.	H. L.	R.
Smith, s s	2	6	Melton, r f	3	2
Start, 1st b	4	5	Doubleday, c	2	3
Chapman, l f	2	7	Riley, p	4	1
Crane, 2d b	4	6	Hardenburg, 1st b	3	2
Mills, c	2	6	Bradbier, c f	2	2
Ferguson, 3d b	3	6	Bouse, l f	2	2
Pratt, p	3	4	Davis, 3d b	3	0
Zettlein, r f	2	5	Frame, s s	4	0
McDonald, c f	5	2	Crumbie, 2d b	4	0
Total	47		Total	32	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	5	3	4	8	1	2	3	4	4—35
Bloomington	4	0	0	0	0	4	1	1	1—12

Flies caught—Athletic: McBride 1; Radcliff, 3; Fisler, 1; Sensenderfer, 1; Schafer, 2—6. Bloomington: Keenan, 1; Lackey, 2; Cheney, 6; Clark, 1; Ives, 2; Thomas, 1—13. Foul bound catches—Athletic, 5; Bloomington, 6. Put out on bases—Athletic, 5; Bloomington, 8. Struck out—Athletic: Wilkins, 1; Berry, 1; Schafer, 1—3. Bloomington: Hastings, 1; Clark, 1; Ives, 1—3. Home runs—Berry, 1. Passed balls—Athletic, 3; Bloomington, 5. Umpire—Mr. Oliver, Excelsior Club, Chicago. Time of game—Three hours. Scorers—John Scott, Bloomington; E. H. Hayhurst, Athletic.

ATHLETICS IN CHICAGO.

MATCH WITH THE EXCELSIORS.

The Athletics landed in Chicago on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. The city was crowded with Germans celebrating the Saengerfest, and hundreds of others were present in attendance upon the races. On Thursday afternoon, 18th, the Athletics opened play with the famous Excelsiors, who, it will be remembered, suffered a Waterloo defeat at the hands of the Nationals last season immediately following the defeat of the latter by the Forest City Club. The Excelsiors were anxious to try their mettle against some other first class organization, in order to retrieve the ground lost by their contest with the Nationals. The Athletic, having beaten the Nationals badly after their return to Washington, was just the club the Excelsiors had been waiting for. Lex and Hoyt had been added to their playing strength. Lex and Hoyt were not eligible for play, but the Athletics consented to give an exhibition game in lieu of the disappointment that would arise if they were not permitted to take part. This game then will not assist the Athletics' averages one particle. The Athletics won the toss and sent the Excelsiors to the bat. The three first strikers were very quietly disposed of, while the Athletic nine each had a crack at Lex and all hitting him; five runs was the result, "Sensy" being left on his base, while Reach, McBride and Schaffer were the victims. Zeller took the bat in the seconds innings, and he, having frequently batted Dick, it was thought would succeed; he hit to Wilkins, who fielded it to first, and Zeller was first hand out. Budd put up a foul fly that Berry let slip through his fingers, and on his second attempt Budd made his base, stealing to his third, where he was left through the two next customers being nabbed—one being a beautiful running catch off of Taylor's bat taken by Al Reach. McBride and Radcliff only scored on the Athletic side in this innings, McBride, Fisler and Wilkins being the victims. The Excelsiors received their third whitewash in the third innings, two of their players getting their bases, one on a poor throw to first. Radcliff dispatched two victims and Berry one, leaving Lex waiting at third and Foley at second. Fisler was the first hand out in this innings on the Athletic side; by a beautiful daisy cutter he had made his second, but in attempting to steal home was nabbed, and he retired. Berry hit a foul fly that Foley dropped, which he improved upon by sending a low ball to left out of any one's reach; he gained his second and home on a low ball driven by Cuthburt between second and third, Cuthy going to first and stealing a couple of bases, and trotting home on a passed. Sensy gave McNally a chance, but McNally dropped it, and Sensy secured his base, getting home by stealing bases, and assisted one peg by a passed ball. Reach made three bases on a hit to right field, and got home on Dick's bat, who was left on his third and Radcliff on his second, through Wilkins popping a fly that Zeller took, Schaffer previously going out a victim to Hoyt. In the fourth innings the Excelsiors succeeded in chalking four times, Budd, Hoyt, Taylor and Lex scoring, Budd leading the way, and for his success was loudly applauded. The victims were Zeller and Stearns, both on fly catches to Radcliff and Cuthbert, and Foley, who was run out between the bases by Fisler, assisted by Reach. The Athletics out matched this tally, scoring eight runs, the victims being Wilkins, Fisler and Berry. There were two more fly catches and two badly fielded balls in this heat, in which runs were secured; the throwing was very poor, and had the Athletics embraced all the chances that were offered them they would have secured more runs than they did. The last, however, was intense and the boys could hardly stand it, while the spectators were only too glad when the innings closed in order that they might view some fielding. The fifth innings saw Kennedy at the bat, who went out on a fine tip to Radcliff. McNally struck to Berry, who fielded the ball wildly to Fisler, and on which Mack got to his second. Zeller sent one to Schaffer, but the latter was not in the humor, and Zeller got his second, McNally getting home. Budd and Hoyt both went out on fly catches taken by Berry and McBride, leaving Zeller keeping watch at second. Sensenderfer saved a whitewash in this innings by a ball that went right through McNally, "Sensy" getting his first and stealing all his bases home Cuthbert had previously gone out on a fly to Lex. Schaffer, who followed, was retired by Stearns on the fly and Reach sent a beauty to right field that Taylor secured. Stearns in the sixth innings made his mark, not however before he had given Berry a chance that the latter declined. Taylor was a victim of Cuthbert's on the fly, Foley of Berry's on a foul fly, and Lex was put out at second by a throw from Fisler to Al.; but Lex scored on the play at the bat, exchanged places with McNally, or at least Lex went to short and McNally to pitch, Foley having previously taken Hoyt's place behind the bat. McBride, Wilkins and Cuthbert were the victims, Berry being left on his base. In the seventh the Excelsiors went out in one, two, three order, victims of "Sensy," Radcliff and Berry, while the Athletics scratched three marks, Sensy, Schaffer and Reach scoring. Sensy getting home on a wild throw of Foley's. McBride and Radcliff were taken on the fly by Budd, and Lex and McNally halted at first by a throw of Zeller's. In the eighth innings the Excelsiors made nearly half the number of runs scored by them in the game. Lex making a beautiful hit to centre field which gave him third, Kennedy struck out. Hoyt was fielded out at first by McBride, and Taylor was taken on the bound by Radcliff; Foley, Zeller, Budd, Stearns and Lex counting. A delightful breeze from the lake during this inning revived the drooping shanks and gave some life to the play, which had lacked spirit and point on both sides. Rubber: Sensy's muff of Schaffer's decided. Reach got as far as his third, making first on a scratch, Dick sending him to third by a beautiful ball to left field, but both were left through Radcliff being fielded out by Lex in attempting to make second, Wilkins having previously gone out on what the umpire declared a bound, but what every one else thought was a roll, Fisler being the first hand out on a throw of Lex to first. The Excelsiors went to the bat hopefully in the ninth innings. Zeller hit a ball that went through Al, Zeller getting to his third and an over pitch his second, and eventually home, as did Budd, both assisted by a wild throw of Fisler to Berry. Hoyt and Taylor were both halted at first by throws of Berry and Reach, McNally going out a on fly to McBride. The Athletics obtained four runs, Fisler having a fly given him by a muff of McNally's. Wilkins, Berry and Cuthbert got their bases on good square hits, and eventually home. Sensy had his score spoiled by Stearns, who picked him up on the fly, McBride going out on one to Budd and Schaffer to Lex. The game was protracted owing to the inefficiency of the Umpire. He permitted ball after ball to be pitched on which bases should have been given. Had he been exact in fulfilling the requirements of the position as presented by the rules, the game would have been far more interesting, though probably the result would not have been affected. The following is the score:—

Athletic.	H. L.	R.	Excelsior.	H. L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	2	1	Foley, 3d b	4	1
McBride, p	5	1	Kennedy, c f	5	0
Radcliff, c	2	4	McNally, 2d b	4	1
Wilkins, s s	6	2	Zeller, s s	3	2
Fisler, 1st b	3	3	Budd, l f	3	2
Berry, 3d b	1	5	Hoyt, c	4	1
Cuthbert, l f	2	5	Taylor, r f	4	1
Sensenderfer, c f	1	5	Stearns, 1st b	2	2
Schaffer, r f	4	4	Lex, p	4	1
Total	33		Total	37	13

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	5	2	4	8	1	2	3	4	4—33
Excelsior	0	0	0	0	4	1	1	3	4—13

Fly Catches—Athletic—Reach, 1; McBride, 2; Radcliff, 4; Berry, 3; Cuthbert, 2; Sensenderfer, 1—13. Excelsior—Zeller, 2; Budd, 3; Taylor, 1; Hoyt, 1; Stearns, 3; Lex, 3—13. Foul bound catches —Athletic, 5; Excelsior, 5. Put out on bases—Athletic, 7; Excelsior, 7. Struck out, Excelsior, 3. Passed balls—Athletic—Radcliff, 3; Excelsior—Hoyt, 5; Foley, 4. Umpire—Bently Mackey, Garden City B. B. C., Chicago. Scorers—Will Lowe and E. Hicks Hayhurst. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. FOREST CITY.

After the game with the Excelsiors, which was witnessed by the Forest City Club, the Athletics were informed by the Rockford players that they would have to play a sharper game with them to come off victorious. Several of their players intimated that the Athletics would not run the bases in the dare-devil style they did on the Excelsior match. They boasted that they were all experienced throwers and that it would be found a difficult matter to hit their pitcher. The Excelsiors were anxious as to the result; they wanted to know whether the Athletics intended playing a sharp game. They were answered in the affirmative and given to understand that not a chance would be thrown away. Arriving at the field a goodly company assembled, reviewed the men as they stepped upon the sward and engaged in throwing the ball around. Al. sent a ball whizzing to Fisler, and he, nothing, "said a Rockford chap, "wait until you see our chaps." Another chip, who does the sporting intelligence for one of the Chicago papers, immediately takes the Rockford man to account and offers to bet him even that the Forest City players have not got a player that can hold three balls out of five that either McBride, Cuthbert, or Fisler will throw from base to base. This was not accepted, but a great deal of "chin" follows, when the reportorial sport gets on a bet that the Rockford Club will be defeated; the same conclusion as when the first innings has closed and made four on two and three to one, and after that at various stages of the game he offers odds of four, five and six to one, but no takers, the Rockford boys having put out their money on an even thing, and are sick and sore of their bargain; wild and almost incredulous inducements were held out to them to bet, but they would not accept; they had lost faith in the invincibility of their pet club and began to see that it was no match for the eastern party. It would take one entire page to give the score in the particulars of this game. The Athletics went in resolved to win and that by a big score. The friends of the Excelsiors wanted to see the Rockford Club thrashed, but they wanted it done thoroughly. Although the Athletics made no boast, that was their determination. Mr. Jim Hoyt was selected as umpire, and filled the position very creditably. He kept both pitchers, or at least the three, as the Forest City put in a new man to pitch in the fourth innings, but in the sixth went back to the old order of things, and during the change in Athletics batting was when the toss sent the Forest City lads to the bat, who were disposed of for a goose egg, King alone securing a base; he by a beautiful hit to left field over "Cuthy's" head got his third, where he was left through the next striker being the third hand out. The Forest City made some pretence of fielding, and there were many who calculated that the game would be a sharp one. But Spalding had not time to deliver his second ball ere Hayhurst had pronounced him just the pitcher the Athletics were wanting to do big work in the championship line. The appearance of being a close contest was the ease the fielders displayed in disposing of Al. Reach on going to the bat. He struck to Cone, who made short work of him. McBride, by a low hit to left, got his first and home on passed balls; Radcliff, by a low hit to right, secured his first, and his third on passed, and home on Wilkins' bat, who got his first on a slow fielded ball. Fisler, Cuthbert, Berry—the two latter on puny hits—Sensy, Schaffer and Reach all scored ere the second hand went out. Birdie popped up a lofty ball that was caught by Radcliff, Wilkins and Fisler added one more run to these gains before the third hand went out, Sensy being the unfortunate, leaving Berry and Cuthbert waiting on bases. Through errors the Forest City gained two runs in the second innings; Al. fumbled a ball from Warren's bat on which he made a scratch, stealing to second and getting his third on Spalding's hit; Osborne sent up a fly that Radcliff cared for; Spalding was nabbed at first on a throw of Berry's, Waxham, by a hit through Wilkins, got his first, and on passed balls came home, Warner having preceded him; Cone going out on a fly to Reach. The Athletics in turn secured ten runs; Reach two runs on beautiful hits that landed him each time at third; Fisler and Berry also made beautiful hits which gave them second; Cuthbert had a life given to him by a muff of Osborne's and which Cuthy improved; Wilkins and Radcliff had life given to them in the second heat of this innings, but they were left on their bases through Fisler being the third hand out, Schaffer and McBride having been previously brought to grief. The succeeding innings were but a repetition of the first part. The Forest City did everything that lay in their power to secure victory.

KISSING THE GIRLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Kissing the girls! Master Fred, I'm ashamed of you."
"Father, the pretty girls love to be kissed.
When you were young I am sure that you claimed a few;
Kissing is what we boys cannot resist.

"Are not their ruby lips in shape for it,
Whether they're parted, or closed with a pout?
If it's a sin, why are you not in crape for it?"
"I'd horsewhip you, Fred, if I hadn't the gout."

"Can I refuse when the charming girls ask for it,
With their sweet, loving eyes sparkling and bright?
It is not fair, then, to take me to task for it;
I'd kiss though I knew I'd be hung before night.

"But the hanging that usually follows a kiss
Is not a terrible pain to endure;
Let me hang—for such penalty's exquisite bliss—
My arms around their ivory necks, to be sure.

"If Bell's head aches then a kiss is a cure for it;
When she's in tears, I must kiss them away;
No receipt's better than this, I am sure of it;
There's many a sorrow a kiss will allay."

"There is no doubt then, that *Barkis is willing* too;"
"Peace, you young scamp, why, the boy is a fool!
What good on earth does this cooing and billing do
'Mongst boys and girls who have scarcely left school?"

"Then again, my dear father, of course this you know,
For I've heard you repeatedly say it,
'Tis our duty to offer a kiss for a blow,
And sometimes that's how I repay it."

"Sweet Melvie oft hits me a tap with her fan,
And I've always obeyed your instruction;
That's one way the dear pets set their cap at a man,"
"Fred, you're galloping on to destruction!"

"One word more, sir, like murder, truth ever will out,
A kiss, mother says you ne'er missed it;"
"Your mother! you dog—ugh! This terrible gout!
Gad! like you, Fred, I couldn't resist it!"

A BATTLE AND A REVEL;

OR,

The Fortunes of a Ballet Girl.

A FACT OF THE BYGONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY OUR SERIOUS FRIEND.

A GRAND FESTIVITY.

There are some stories that are best told if commenced at their mid-way course, and then anticipated in date, to be concluded by the connection of the events first referred to with those which properly follow. The present is one of those stories.

It was the summer of 1830, and high festival was to be held in the northern suburb of London, known as Highgate. There dwelt in the old home of his family, the Duke St. Albans, then a very young man, and by the patent of King Charles the Second, his ancestor, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England. He was married to a woman who had been noted in her time—first, as Miss Mellon, an actress in one of the metropolitan theatres—and the possessor of a sort of vulgar beauty; subsequently, as Mrs. Coutts, the wife of an old banker who kept high company and married his mistress while the dead body of his wife remained in the house; whose three daughters wedded men of title, and whose grand-daughter yet lives in the person of Miss Angelina Burdett Coutts, who has a mania for building churches which generally receive congregations; who many years ago patronized Chas. Kean, the actor, and it is rumored was anxious to wed with the great Duke of Wellington. There was another connection of this Coutts family far more illustrious than the lady we have mentioned. It was Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, son of the Miss Coutts who had married the Marquis of Bute. The bare allusion to this nobleman will at once recall to the reader the memory of an arduous and long continued struggle in behalf of Poland.

Old Coutts, the banker, was very rich, and, when he died, left his widow the sole possessor of his all. The union between the two had been a union of dotage on his side and ambition on hers, and when the lady found herself the untrammeled possessor of millions, she fairly launched into a series of extravagances not unlowered by much that was ludicrous. Ambitious for a presentation at the Court of St. James, which her social status as a banker's wife did not allow her as a right, she procured the same through a *douceur* of seven thousand pounds, paid to the Duke of York, the king's elder brother, and heir to his throne; not long afterwards she married the Duke of St. Albans, whose high title was her lure, while the wealth of the deceased banker was *his*.

Holly Lodge, the place in the neighborhood of Highgate already referred to, had devolved on the duke as an appendage to his title of Grand Falconer, and on a certain fine day in the summer of 1830 was set apart as the scene of a fanciful revel. Rank, beauty and wealth were represented there, all the luxuries that money could procure were displayed in their proper places, and the programme of amusements (combining the sports of the past and present) was under the immediate supervision of persons famed for their cleverness in the relation.

A *ballet* was to be included, and that nothing should be wanting to impart all due splendor to it, the Italian Opera House and Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres had been applied to for their prettiest and most apt professors of the graceful art. A whole bevy of those admitted at Holly Lodge on the occasion we speak of, and certainly a more lovely set of young females could not be imagined—all arrayed in the costume of the stage, though lacking the paint that gives a fictitious bloom at night, and which could be well spared—the rich and natural hues of health mantling the cheeks of the young *figurants*. It is true, however, that the sunlight somewhat qualified the effect of silver and gold foil, for which gaslight is the most appropriate. Nevertheless, the entire scene was one of grandeur and beauty, and indebted most extensively, in the latter respect, to the *ballet* girls.

There was one among the bevy, who, it might have been thought, was the loveliest among the lovely. She belonged to Drury Lane Theatre and her name was Annie Howard. A legitimate *blonde*, her hair clustered in rich curls about her brow, beautifully contrasting with her large blue eyes and pearly complexion. Her features, small and regular, were faultless, and teeth of pearly whiteness were seen to glisten through her just parted lips. Her form was equally beautiful with her face—of the medium size, and modelled in the ideal of Pygmalian himself. The expression of her countenance—how shall we describe that? We cannot say that it was sad or cheerful; rather a combination of the two qualities. There were many of her sisterhood present at that aristocratic revel, who invited the somewhat too free attention of the young men lounging about; but Annie Howard was not one of these, and was admired at a distance—in all save one instance, which we shall have to show.

A RETROSPECT.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. Many a gallant head was laid low there—veterans who had served in different parts of the world and young men of whom this Belgian battle was their first and last. Among these was a hopeful lieutenant in the English Grenadier Guards, singularly gifted by nature and bearing one of the proudest names in the records of British chivalry. To represent it will be sufficient to give his baptismal appellation—Edward.

His name appeared in the London *Gazette* among the killed on the awful day that decided the fate of Napoleon, and several high families went into mourning for him. Nor were these weeds confined to those who shared his blood. No; a fair young woman, and, if possible, a fairer child, put on sables. One was too young to comprehend the nature of death or to weep for it; the other, however, knew well what it was, and mourned long and deeply for the loss she had sustained.

Who she was soon told—the faithful partner of the young officer killed at Waterloo, though not his wife. He had first met her in the country, where his father (a man of titled wealth) had an estate. Between the heir to this title and wealth and a farmer's daughter a mutual love had been fanned into a flame, and had the positions of the parties been less widely separated than they were, a marriage would have followed. But, as the young man in question was his sire's heir, there were reasons why this step should be deferred. The union, promising so much felicity, should take place only at a time when the lover had become his own master. In the anticipation of that date, the lovers went to London, where, about a year after their arrival, a lovely girl was born to them. Three years after that event the battle of Waterloo occurred, and the farmer's daughter was left widowed in all save name and her child an orphan in all except the world's acknowledgement.

Then ensued a long series of troubles and privations too common on such occasions. The young woman, thus bereaved, made an application to her family in the country, but, although the several members of it were perfectly aware of the circumstances under which their relative had united her destinies to those of the late aristocrat, they refused all aid—even told her that they had long abjured her.

"Well, be it so," said the poor young woman to herself, calmly; "I must struggle alone for the support of myself and child, and may God in his mercy help me."

The story of years, so far as this woman and her child were regarded, can be told in a few words. By working constantly with her needle the former continued to sustain a humble roof. But her existence was a struggle, and it is not to be wondered at that she should have faded away at last. Her daughter was ten years old at the time of her complete orphanage, and heaven knows how it would have fared with her had not help been at hand—help, let us say, not derived from any kith or kin of her own.

In the house in which her mother had long lived and ultimately died resided a man and his wife who were engaged at Drury Lane Theatre among the "utility" people. Their name was Sharland, and they were of a very kindly disposition; were aware, too, of the little girl's alliance with people of rank and riches.

"But never mind them," said the actor, when his wife had commenced to talk about "little Annie," for so was the daughter of the dead woman called. "Let them disown her if they like. We won't. No, my dear, but straightway adopt the poor girl, with the assurance that our fire will not burn the less brightly on a winter's night because of our so doing."

Thus the orphan got among theatrical people, and in due time found herself a member of the *ballet* belonging to the famous Theatre Royal, Drury lane. It was this "Little Annie" who grew to be the beautiful girl of eighteen, present at the grand festivity at Holly Lodge.

SEEN, ADMIRED, SUED AND WON.

There were many young men, visitors of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, on that fine day in the summer of 1830, who looked at Annie Howard, the *figurante*, and at once gave up the idea of talking "soft nonsense" to her; choosing others of her class with whom they might indulge in this regard without fear of a repulse. At the same time there was a gentleman present, young, handsome, wealthy and of rank, who felt more than a passing curiosity in the girl. That she was lovely and graceful his own eyes assured him; that she was good and amiable, he had the implication of her looks to persuade him. The name of this gentleman was Lascelles; he was the nephew of an earl with an ancient title and large estates. His father was a dignitary of the church, and young Earnest (so had the son been baptised) was studying for the pulpit.

Like everything else, the grand *fete* at Highgate came to an ending. The guests departed, doubtless well pleased with what they had heard, seen and consumed. Those who had administered to them also departed—Annie Howard, the *ballet* girl, and near relative to England's premier duke, among the rest.

For some time afterwards it might have been observed that Mr. Sharland, the actor of small parts at Drury Lane Theatre, was often engaged in a serious converse with a handsome and aristocratic looking gentleman; that the same Mr. Sharland would as often, have a serious talk with his estimable spouse, during which such phrases as "Our Little Annie," "only to think of it," and "a great thing for her—isn't it?" might have been heard. So went the game for a while; anon, there was a new movement in it—the introduction of Mr. Lascelles [illegible] ar], with frequent mee[illegible] Who [illegible]nailest, [illegible] f good [illegible]re he [illegible] dis- [illegible]been [illegible]rself [illegible]mob- [illegible]n all [illegible]tent [illegible]a in [illegible]and The [illegible]nite [illegible]most

thirty-eight years; and who is left of the many whose presence lent *prestige* or charm to the *fete* at Holly Lodge? *Only two that we are aware of.* The vain duchess who gave the entertainment and expended fourteen thousand pounds on it, died some seven years later, bequeathing almost the entire bulk of old Coutts property to her niece, Miss Burdett Coutts, and a legacy of ten thousand pounds a year to the duke, on the proviso that he would never hold communication with his brother, a stipulation which the courts very justly over-ruled. The duke himself, who took a second wife unto himself in the person of a young and beautiful woman, died long before he attained old age; and many are the lovely creatures from the theatres who joined the revel with Annie Howard, from whom all traces of beauty have departed—even from whose hearts life itself has flown!

But there are two survivors, we say. Who are they?

Simply, Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles—one, a dignitary of the Church of England, though Christianly speaking, a humble follower of his master; the other, his wife—a matron with much of the sunniness of her youth about her, the faithful helpmate of her lord, and the constant distributor of charity among her poorer neighbors. Yet this woman was once a despised *ballet* girl!

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 10. "Old Drury."

Words can with difficulty be found to express the singular and sincere veneration in which the old Park Theatre was held by the past and passing generation of New Yorkers, who, comparing their own dramatic temple with the renowned establishment of the British metropolis, were accustomed to style it "Old Drury." And despite the sycophancy and bad taste of seeking a comparative standard in foreign parts, which unfortunately characterizes Americans in every path of business, there was a vast deal of similarity in the leading features of these metropolitan theatres, as both were dedicated to the higher walks of the drama, and many of the Park Company before coming hither had been His Majesty's servants, as the members of the patent theatres in England are honorably designated. Beside, all great actors, desiring either honor or profit in America, invariably introduced themselves to the Park audience as the most critical to be encountered on this hemisphere. Consequently, while it was the height of a local actor's ambition to become incorporated in the Park Company, it was supplied from every quarter of England with a constant succession of professional greatness. It is a work of labor even to enumerate the long list of superior actors and artists which have during the last forty years appeared upon those boards which had witnessed the triumphs of the Kembles and the Keans. Forrest, Macready, Booth, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews, Elsler, Augusta, Kiss Tree, Alexander Vattemaire, Madame Leconte, Master Burke, Braham, Incledon, are names well known in the annals of the cosmopolitan stage, illustrating in their engagements the almost infinite diversity in entertainments offered at this time-honored and well patronized theatrical establishment.

Externally, the Park presented no decorative features; its front was well arranged, of solid granite, and amply supplied with entrances. Once, towards the close of its career, an attempt was made to adorn the theatre front by placing a wooden statue, said to be of Shakespeare, over the main entrance. This work of art appeared as if it had strayed from the bow of some merchant ship, looking all the world as if it had emerged from beneath some carver's 'prentice hand, and, so far from exciting reverence for the bard, furnished nought beyond a theme for the perpetual jeers and sarcasm of the play-going crowd, until, surviving the destruction of the theatre, the wooden statue, frowning dismally upon the ruins, was purchased by Manager Burton and elevated to a position on top of the stable of the Shakespearean comedian. They had Shakespeare on the brain, however, at the Park, and the counterfeit presentment of that wonderful author was served up in every imaginable style of art when opportunity could be seized upon. We had him on the proscenium, on the act drop and on the green curtain, when the hereditary green baize was supplanted to appease public clamor against a longer continuance of that most unsightly absurdity. In fact, the immortal Will and quotations made from his writings haunted the theatre and its surroundings, for even Windust's signboard was garnished with the poet's portrait, with an apposite quotation from his divine words touching the manner in which a beefsteak should be done.

Internally the Park was well arranged, commodious, with ample corridors, broad stairways and tolerably comfortable boxes. The stage was likewise well constructed, deep, and with all the accessories required by the wants of a well regulated theatrical department, for during the Christmas and Easter holidays public taste demanded spectacular dramas or pantomimes, in accordance with immemorial custom, consecrating those periods of the year to infantile enjoyment. As the building extended through to Theatre alley, whereupon its rear rested, the green room was located in a far more favorable position than is ordinarily the case with modern theatres, for in the olden time the green room was an institution, a spirit of which has entirely departed under innovations which materially altered the conduct of theatrical performances. The management of the Park never publicly recognized the existence of any other theatre, and consequently discarded the prefix applied to their establishment in daily conversation. The posters, technically styled "Williams," a jocund expression for large bills, the programmes, the box tickets, and every paper in the remotest way connected with the concern bore the simple, egotistical heading, "Theatre," and it was only until after it had fallen into the hands of Tom Hamblin that the word "Park" became employed in public announcements. Indeed, so thoroughly convinced were the Park people of their being attached to the only legitimate temple in town, that it is asserted that upon joining the company, an actor, remarkable for his appreciation of professional courtesies, standing upon the portico of the theatre, accosted an old acquaintance approaching him. Before venturing to accost his friend in addition entered the box office, and, to the amazement of the worthy treasurer, thus addressed him:—"Mr. Blake, are we at liberty to be on speaking terms with the people at the Bowery?" Of course the assurance of his liberty was given by the amused official, who, from his long connection with the house, ranked next to the manager in importance and authority; yet the incident clearly shows the egotistical superiority attached by actors to the good fortune of being admitted to the Park Company. There were hundreds of really good actors, who had achieved celebrity at the other theatres, who would willingly have performed gratuitously rather than lose an opportunity of playing in even a secondary capacity upon Old Drury's boards. And, taking into consideration the reputation of the house, monopolizing almost the entire credit of the metropolis in a literary and critical point of view, and the standard character of the company, composed of actors any one of whom would flourish as a star of the first magnitude in the present state of dramatic management, the very fact of a connection with the theatre was, in every other city, regarded as an endorsement of personal and professional merit.

The auditorium of the Old Park was as a general thing quite dismal from the fact that the ceiling and boxes, although elaborately and artistically decorated, had remained for many years uncleaned or renovated. Besides, the illumination of the house was weak save upon the stage, for, in addition to the alleged reason that people came to the play to see and not to be seen, an extenuation for paucity in the number of lights was derived from the useless aggravation of temperature and difficulty in ventilation. This last part was effected by a large hole in the roof, over the dome, from which had originally hung a heavy chandelier, which, in lieu of lighting up the house, served the purpose of an unnecessary furnace. Upon removal of the chandelier a species of lattice work was contrived, through the interstices of which the hot air from the pit poured into the heavens above the dome, while, the instant the curtain arose, a perfect squall of wind came from the stage directly into the faces of the audience. When in the middle of a summer night a sudden thunder shower discharged its pent up rain clouds upon the theatre's roof, a fair proportion of the water filtered through the ventilating apparatus and descended in a lively drizzle upon the heads of the attendant pitites, more than one of whom have seen gravely seek the protection of an umbrella against damage from the falling drops.

I believe that the decoration of the ceiling of the Park, which was regarded as the best specimen of its kind in America before the advent of the Italian artists with the Montressor Operatic Troupe, had been executed by a scenic artist named Jefferson, who was likewise an actor of no small merit. Another specimen of this gentleman's handiwork which astonished the town was the adorning of St. John's Hall—the Masonic headquarters, then situated in Frankfort street, just upon the spot forming the rear of French's Hotel, and in the professional custody of an artist of different sphere in decorative skill, Tom Rafter, the barber. Although a man of ability and intelligence, Jefferson, who had had business relations with Stephen Price, in London, when that gentleman was connected with the direction of Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, entertained very crude notions with regard to the social condition of America in general, and of New York in particular. Hence, when the packet ship, bound with him and his family to our shores, arrived at the landing at Whitehall, now the United States Barge office, he refused to allow any of the family to disembark until he had entered upon a preliminary exploration of the new country. Summoning up courage adequate for the dangerous task, Jefferson sauntered up to the Bowling Green, and thence up Broadway to Old Trinity, narrowly scrutinizing everything coming under his inspection. He entered the church and found it to be an orthodox Church of England, then he entered the graveyard and perused the inscriptions, after which he hurriedly retraced his steps, where he found his better half nervously awaiting the solution of his and her perplexity.

"My dear," quoth Jefferson, with a self-satisfied demeanor, "I think it will be safe for you to come ashore; there are signs of civilization in the land."

Neither was Jefferson so very singular in his misapprehension as to the barbarous character of our country, for the immense popularity of Cooper's Indian tales and the gross falsehoods of English tourists had confused the brains of more than one immigrant, who expected to find Broadway lined with Indian wigwams and buffaloes grazing on the Jersey flats.

When I became a habitual attendant at the Old Park, the sole management was assumed by Mr. Edmund Simpson, who had, for numerous years before, been associated with Mr. Stephen Price, although the continual residence of this latter gentleman in England and his connection with the foreign theatres rendered his local partner the really business man on this side of the water. The energy of Mr. Price was truly wonderful when we take into consideration the distant date of his outings, the extended field of his operations and the hazardous nature of his enterprise. We all can remember the praises showered upon the roving diplomatist, Henry Wikoff, derisively styled the chevalier, for having induced the tour of the divine Fanny Elsler and the plaudits gained by Barnum for his exhibition of the Swedish Nightingale. But these are pigmy enterprises compared with the importation of such men as George Frederick Cooke and Edmund Kean, at a time when their acting was under the immediate patronage of royalty on a voyage across the Atlantic was regarded with a superstitious dread, as in the case of Columbus, remarkably well founded as, according to his anticipations, he left his bones behind him to moulder on this foreign soil.

In the graveyard of St. Paul's Church, about midway down on the Fulton street side, stands a handsome monument covering the mortal remains of George Frederick Cooke, next to David Garrick the greatest actor on the English stage. This monument had been erected by Edmund Kean during his professional visit, but was rapidly falling to decay when the attention of Charles, or the younger Kean, was called to its exposed condition. The son instantly completed the work undertaken by the father, and Cooke's monument now stands quite a prominent object in this down town grave yard, not five hundred yards from the site of the Park Theatre.

It is said that the retirement of Mr. Price from the management control of our theatre was mainly induced from the house being the incidental cause of the death of a younger brother; at all events, this is one of the legends, traditionally communicated, which form the foundation of old actors' yarns, as they were wont to relate their experience over flagons of ale or hot arrack punches in the quiet parlor of the Shakespeare Hotel, or some other theatrical coffee house, to dispel the monotony of an off night. It was said that the younger Price, with some ladies occupied a private box, and by their loud talking annoyed a party of British officers near by, one of whom, not aware of the character of the females, ventured upon a remark which Price resented by sending a challenge to the offender, who proved to be the colonel of a regiment then stationed in Canada. Upon ascertaining the nature of his error the officer resorted to conciliatory measures, as duelling, then very prevalent, was being severely punished by the martial code; he extended as ample an apology as could be expected from a gentleman, and departed with the idea that everything had been adjusted. Imagine his surprise, upon reaching his regiment to learn that the friends of Price had caused him to be posted as a coward, an indignity which so incensed the colonel that he at once sold out his commission and returned to New York, thence, should he survive the inevitable contact, to depart for his native land. The circumstances attending the hostile meeting have ever been preserved a profound mystery. The first public intimation of the duel was the receipt of Price's body (shot through the heart) by some White hall boatmen, from a couple of gentlemen, who had hired them to land them on the Jersey shore. At the same time another boat conveyed another couple of gentlemen to the London packet, lying in the stream which, immediately upon the passengers touching her side, shook out her sails and stood out to sea.

Mr. Edmund Simpson was personally the most gloomy man it has ever been my misfortune to stumble upon, who was equally as melancholy on the stage as he was off of it. In his earlier days he may have been a good actor, but when I saw him attempt to perform Mr. Belmour in "Is he Jealous?" it was a lamentable example of automatic recitation. Yet we must bear in mind that Simpson had passed through a very long and fluctuating managerial career, and I met him most frequently during a period when the fortunes of the theatre were anything but propitious. It was about that crisis in its destiny when the handsome, intelligent and popular Peter Richings, announced to perform as Bullfinch in "The Road to Ruin," drew the alarming attendance of a solitary auditor, and he, unfortunately for the treasury, a dead head.

Mr. Otis, recently editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, but at that time theatrical critic of the *Express*, chanced to be sole auditor upon this eventful occasion fraught with the destinies of "Old Drury," but as he was on the free list he could not claim the privilege, exercised under similar circumstances, when at the old Chatham a single person attended to witness the performances of the talented and lamented comedian Finn, lost in the burning of the steamboat Lexington on Long Island Sound. Like many other actors our comedian was cursed with habits of procrastination, and only arrived at the theatre in time to dress and go on the stage, consequently he was not aware of the *solus* in front of him until he went on for his part, which chanced to commence with the words:—"How are you, how de do, all of you?" Perceiving his solitary patron Finn stopped short, whereupon the audience consoled him:—

"Go ahead, Finn, I'll move around and make it look like a —— of a house." And the audience smiled at the idea of the actor's perplexity; then, taking commiseration upon the dramatic dilemma, departed, assuring Finn that he would bring his brother and give him a double house on the morrow.

The truth was that Mr. Simpson's nervousness arose from some constitutional infirmity, as he was a person of excellent disposition, of a warm and enthusiastic nature, enterprising, prompt and punctual in business transactions. He had his double in melancholy in his treasurer, who was an able and popular man, to whose financial management "Old Drury" was more than once indebted for salvation if not positive resuscitation. Not even all the joviality of honest John Povey, the most indefatigable and reliable of the Park Company, when a question of financial sacrifice came could force a smile from either of these granite visaged individuals, who appeared to sustain prosperity and adversity with corresponding stolidity. But possibly the most remarkable thing about Mr. Simpson was that, despite a long public career and his identification with the leading theatrical enterprise of the western hemisphere, he took a singular pride in keeping himself aloof from public acquaintances. While other managers either placarded their names over town, identifying themselves personally with their theatrical property or insisted on making themselves stars on their own dunghills, Simpson hovered like an invisible angel over the *Theatre*, which, if anyone should have honored with his cognomen as a prefix, he would consider as a deliberate insult and of vandalic sacrilege. Notwithstanding all these seemingly contradictory qualities, Edmund Simpson was a man of many friends, and I believe without a single enemy, for none knew him who did not esteem him as a man of probity and an ornament to a profession which has suffered intensely through the cupidity, duplicity and immorality of managers.

The fame of Old Drury as the theatre terminated with Mr. Simpson's relinquishment of its management, after a deliberate conviction that popular taste had been perverted to such a degree that to continue the enterprise, upon the principles governing his managerial conduct would be a waste of means and time. He had seen the Old Park Company gradually crumble into pieces, no longer retaining that completeness and compactness which had rendered it a model of ability and utility. Charlotte Cushman, following Macready to Europe, had reached there a pinnacle of reputation to which she could never aspire on the Park boards; Harry Placide, the main stay of the house, had taken up the starring business with too much success to admit of its abandonment; Burton had established a rival house on the ruins of Palmo's Opera House; Jim Browne, the incomparable Farrie, had been wafted back to the Emerald Isle by nativity; even John Povey, the man of all work, who made his *debut* at Old Drury as a star vocalist to leave after twenty years' service little above a supernumerary, had been induced to return to London to loiter there around the corridors of that Theatre Royal whose counterpart it was his dream to sustain upon the soil of a western continent.

When Tom Hamblin realized the darling ambition of his theatrical existence in assuming the direction of the theatre, he found himself in possession of a corpse from which vitality had departed. Happily for his reputation and financial prospect, it was consumed upon a funeral pile of accidental creation.

THE RING AND THE INITIALS.

One soft summer morning a few years since, the little village of Liston waked up with a sublime (or, at least, within a step of it) that something wonderful had happened. The bank had been broken open and robbed of all its treasure.

A few weeks before a traveling elocutionist had entered the village, accompanied by a couple of well dressed gentlemen, who turned out to be on a sporting excursion. The quiet strangers excited no improper suspicions among the envious villagers, who were unanimously desiring to dissect every new comer in the most unmerciful manner.

The professor of elocution gave a series of lectures, to the marvellous edification of incipient Ciceros and beau-loving ladies; and then went on his way rejoicing. But his companions remained, rambling about the woods and river for several days afterwards, when they suddenly departed to parts unknown.

For several mornings after their disappearance the gentleman who occupied apartments immediately over the bank found his rooms in a slight state of disorder. The chairs which, on leaving the office at night, he had arranged with systematic care, appeared to have been performing some marvellous feats of somnambulism; the table in the centre of the room had evidently been used as a medium of spiritual rappings, and several articles seemed to have been executing some extemporised polka in the absence of their owner.

After making a few inquiries and a little unsuccessful investigation to ascertain the cause of these unnatural phenomena, the matter was allowed to pass without further notice.

But the robbery of the bank at once aroused suspicion. In examining the office floor it was discovered that a large piece of the flooring had been cut out with the utmost nicety; and the burglars had made an unsuccessful effort to break a large stone that covered the vault, and thus obtain access to the treasure.

But, undaunted by their failure, they only waited for a favorable night to enter operations once more.

For several days after the first attempt the weather continued pleasant; but at last the scowling skies gave token of the approach of a heavy storm of rain and thunder. As the deep, black night came down upon the village, large drops of rain pattered on the roofs and windows, and fitful gusts of wind shrieked around the corners of the deserted streets, and made the trees ghostly with unearthly groanings.

Soon after midnight the storm set in with all possible fury. Every unfastened casement and shutter trembled and clattered; through every loose splinter of the fences the wet wind whistled; and the rain dashed against the windows, as if, indeed, "the windows of heaven were opened."

In the midst of the storm the burglars crept out of a low, dark dwelling in Loan street; and, obtaining a chisel and hammer from a neighboring workshop, they cautiously hurried to the rear of the bank building. By means of a plank, one end of which was placed upon the ground and the other upon the casement, they quickly reached the window, which was easily forced open.

The particular manner in which the robbery was performed is still a matter of much speculation; and it is only definitely known that when the morning dawned the vault and the safe had been most successfully opened, their contents stolen and the thieves were more than fifteen miles away!

At eight o'clock in the morning the manager of the bank entered the building; but discovered nothing unusual until he attempted to open the iron door of the vault, which was secured by a large padlock of such intricate construction that a few years before, at the World's Fair in London, it had defied the utmost skill of Hobbs, the celebrated lock-picker. The burglars had picked the lock, and locked it again with such ingenuity that it could not be opened.

After various attempts to unfasten the door, a mason was sent for and a hole made in the side of a vault sufficiently large to admit a man's body. The bank officer still supposed the lock had been accidentally broken; but as the manager entered the vault, a burnt match upon the floor aroused his suspicion. Immediately beneath the safe he discovered a quantity of plaster, and, on turning the key, the door swung open, and lo! the safe was entirely empty. Not a solitary penny was left as a sign of the treasure it had contained. The desperate fellows had first unscrewed the brass doorplate bearing the name of the manufacturer, and had then bored directly through the chilled iron platings and plaster a smooth, round hole about four inches in diameter, through which the specie and notes were easily extracted!

Officers were immediately dispatched throughout the country; but were all unable to ascertain even the course the thieves had taken; and despite the skill of the detectives who were employed to work up the case, no trace of the fugitive villains could be discovered.

As I entered the coach one morning I was agreeably surprised to find that it contained the manager of the bank, who, like myself, was starting on a journey.

Taking the train at Bilston, we continued our journey.

As the train stopped at Crewe two well dressed men came in, and took a seat immediately in front of the one we occupied. In a few moments one of them slightly changed his position and rested his arm across the back of the seat. His hand was strikingly white and delicate, and on the little finger gleamed a chased ring of peculiar pattern and exquisite workmanship.

I observed that my companion had watched them closely since they entered the train; and as his eyes rested on the ring, his face lit up with an expression of nervous satisfaction. Whispering to me that those fellows were the bank burglars, he hurried to obtain assistance from the guard, and the strangers were arrested without the slightest resistance.

Before returning home with the prisoners the manager related the manner of their detection. Beneath the window, through which they had effected an entrance stood a large table, upon which the dust had been allowed to accumulate and in the creeping across it, one of them had left, in several places, a perfect impression of his left hand and a chased ring, bearing the initials "D. P.," which he wore upon the little finger. The prints were carefully preserved and on applying to them the burglar's hand and ring, they were found to exactly fit the impression.

It is scarcely necessary to add that ther proved to be the identical companions of the lecturer on elocution.

In their baggage and upon their persons were found full sets of burglars' instruments, and nearly a thousand pounds.

No trace of the traveling elocutionist has yet been discovered; but the unfortunate "D. P." and his sporting companion are serving a ten years' apprenticeship at making locks instead of picking them in the sepulchre of the Portland Prison.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JAMES PILGRIM, DRAMATIST, COMEDIAN AND MANAGER.

The hero of this sketch made his first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1849, then under the management of the late Wm. Burton, in the character of Paddy Miles, in his own farce of the "Limerick Boy," and established himself in public favor. Since that period he has appeared with success in most of the large cities in the States, and his prolific pen has furnished our stage with a number of highly successful pieces, which Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Miss Maggie Mitchell, Miss Mary Devlin (afterwards Mrs. Edwin Booth), Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, the Florences, and other eminent star artists, have made specialties of and which pieces still retain their position on the stage. In writing the successful comedy of "Irish Assurance and Yankee Wit," he first introduced the feature of the Irish boy and Yankee girl to the American public. Pilgrim's mirth provoking farce of the "Limerick Boy" is performed in every known quarter of the globe where the English language is spoken. His drama of "Robert Emmet" is also a great traveler. If we may quote the words of the late G. V. Brooke. When at Melbourne, Australia, John Dunn (that rascal, Jack), inquired of him if he knew Jim Pilgrim in the United States? The reply of the great tragedian was, "Know him? Everybody knows him, for who has not shed a tear at Robert Emmet's fate, and laughed at 'Paddy Miles' Boy.'" Mr. Pilgrim has filled the arduous and official position of stage and business manager in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his managers, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of the profession as an industrious, straightforward man. At the present time he is the acting and stage manager at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia.

AVOIRDUPOISERS AT VARIANCE.—A case was on trial last week in the Superior Court, N. Y., in which a blooming spinster of forty-five summers, and weighing 287 pounds, seeks to recover damages for alleged rape, from a ferocious youth of eighteen years and weighing 93 pounds.

A BRUISER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY A. MONTFIELD.

Not many years ago a very amusing *contretemps* occurred in connection with a prize fight between two celebrated knights of the digits on the outskirts of an English village.

Every precaution had been taken to avoid the interference of the police, and there seemed little doubt but that the trial of skill would take place without any interruption.

The inn at which Jim ——, one of the contestants, and his friends put up the night preceding the fight—which was to take place at an early hour in the morning—was kept by a well known sport, who had settled down quietly after an active and successful pugilistic career. He had promised to quarter his young acquaintance and those who accompanied him, and they were in good hands.

After the usual greeting on their arrival, and when Jim had had his half pint of small beer—for no tender mother could possibly be more solicitous about the welfare of her babe than is the trainer of that of the fistic pet who is temporarily under his care—they sat themselves down at the round deal table before a glorious fire, with closed doors and windows—for it was a foggy November night—and chatted merrily of old times, and discussed the probable result of the coming contest.

At the proper time the "Pet," *alias* Jim, was put to bed, and his three friends enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content with the jolly landlord, who told them many an exciting tale of his own early exploits in the ring.

"I don't expect any more visitors such a night as this," said he, "so we shall not be disturbed."

"No," said Tom Crow, "it's a pretty hard night for traveling; however, so long as it clears off a bit by morning, it may be as black as——"

But the very forcible simile that was about to follow was cut short by the entrance of a tall, well proportioned man, who, as he entered, from the position of the door, came almost face to face with Crow.

I said the simile was cut short; I was wrong; for it was unwittingly completed by the exclamation which followed the sudden appearance of the stranger.

"The devil!" cried our friend.

The new comer smiled and said:—"One of his children, perhaps, sir; but I am not his Satanic Majesty in *propria persona*."

At this time they were sitting with no light but that of the blazing logs on the hearth, which was all sufficient, however, to render the features of the stranger distinct.

"Well," said Tom Crow, "I could have sworn this bloke was our friend Jim; I never saw two chaps so much alike; but I axes yer pardon, sir, for I see you ain't him, though if ever two men spoke and looked alike, you and Jim's them."

Be it told that Jim, in order to escape detection, had traveled in a sort of clerical costume, and, in fact, his appearance resembled that of the gentleman who now addressed the host.

"I have had the misfortune to miss the train to London, sir, and I hope you can accommodate me with lodgings for the night."

By this time the three men had a little recovered from their astonishment at the very close resemblance which this person bore to their pugilistic friend, who was just then making night hideous with his snoring. There was the same jovial air and clear complexion, the closely shaved face, and the same sharp and distinct utterance, although the voice and air were much more refined. They all looked at him, however, with some suspicion, and the landlord hesitated somewhat as he replied:—

"I believe I can accommodate you, sir;" but noticing that the stranger was in full dress, his hospitality overcame his scruples (as he considered it not improbable that the gentleman in question was a detective) and he cordially bid him be seated.

The other men, having the same suspicions as mine host, were evidently very ill at ease, and they eyed the clerical looking gentleman askance.

Having partaken of some slight refreshment, the clergyman—for such he really was, and a good, honest specimen of the cloth into the bargain—requested that he might be shown to his apartment, and the landlord preceded him to a comfortable little room adjoining that of Master Jim, who was driving his pigs to market at a furious rate.

"I wish to be called in time for the six o'clock train in the morning; I suppose that will not inconvenience you, as I know country folk rise with the lark."

"There won't be any difficulty about that, sir; we shall all be stirring betimes to-morrow morning, I warrant you."

"Well, then, I'll order my horse and bid you good night."

The fourpence for bread and cheese and glass of ale—good ale, too—and the shilling for the night's lodging having been handed over, they wished each other good night, and the landlord, who was now fully satisfied that he had not a detective beneath his roof, for he was pretty fly in such matters from long experience, rejoined his friends in the parlor and soon made their minds easy on the subject also.

"Well, then, I'll tell you my name and tell you how I got it."

"No, I would not for worlds," said Tom Crow, "it's a pretty hard night for traveling; however, so long as it clears off a bit by morning, it may be as black as——"

But the very forcible simile that was about to follow was cut short by the entrance of a tall, well proportioned man, who, as he entered, from the position of the door, came almost face to face with Crow.

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through the smooth water with astonishing quickness, the water as it descended in showers from the rapidly sweeping blades glistening like diamonds in the sun's rays. Jimmy managed to get off with the lead, and after pulling a couple of hundred yards had obtained a lead of a boat's length, which Coulter had cut down to less than half a length after going about three-quarters of a mile, both hugging the shore to take the short cut of a bend in the river. Here Hamill, who had the inn-shore position, sheered to the left, in order to clear a canal boat, and Coulter, at the same moment, putting on a spurt, and closing the gap they became entangled, and in an endeavor to extricate themselves both were upset. Coulter at once righted his boat, and with the assistance of his guiding crew, who were close by at the moment, was enabled to resume his seat, when he continued to pull over the course. Hamill not being able to swim a stroke, held on to his boat, which lay bottom upwards, until his crew came to his aid—they being some distance off at the time—when he was hauled into the barge and returned to the starting point, Coulter being too far ahead for Jimmy to think of resuming the contest then. Coulter kept on over the entire distance, reaching home in 42 minutes and 7 seconds. He claimed a foul upon returning to the referee's boat, but as the voluntary statements of parties who witnessed the collision declared the fault to lie equally between them, Mr. White called a meeting of the judges and principals at the Girard House at 9 o'clock that evening. This unsatisfactory result caused intense dissatisfaction, the partisans of each man claiming that their champion was in the right and "would have won, certain," that he had the other man "dead beat," etc., had not the unfortunate mishap occurred. It transpired, and frequent wordy altercations, occasionally terminating in impromptu skirmishes with the weasonous provided by nature ensued, as the turbulent, excited, disappointed and indignant crowd dispersed and retraced their steps to the city.

At the hour mentioned above, the officials, together with Hamill and Coulter, assembled in parlor 13 at the Girard, when, after receiving the statements of the men, from which it was evident that both were to blame, though the fouling appeared to be altogether accidental upon the part of each, the referee decided that there had been "no race," declared all bets off and ordered the men to row over again at four o'clock P. M. on the 19th inst., asserting his determination to make them row a fair race if it took until doomsday to do it, for which he is deserving of commendation. This appeared to be satisfactory to both men, who on parting shook hands and hoped that nothing would arise to occasion any difficulty on the morrow. Although the decision given by Mr. White was manifestly the only one he could give in justice, appearing as it did from the statements of the men themselves that each was blameless, we regret to know that some of the friends of Coulter, whose pecuniary interest in the matter caused them to be blind to the truth, charged him with giving a decision influenced by his personal sympathies, as well as pecuniary considerations. Now, Mr. W. has always borne an excellent reputation as an honorable sporting man, whose judgment cannot be warped by prejudice, and such imputations as these are very discreditable to those from whom they emanate, and who, we are confident, will heartily regret having uttered them when sober second thought takes the place of rash impulse and excitement. As to the charge of his having had money pending on the result, we have very good reason for saying that there is not one word of truth in the statement, and anybody versed in the rules and usages governing the matter would not, for an instant, think of questioning the correctness of the decision given.

The weather upon the second day was almost an exact counterpart of that of the day previous—dark and threatening rain in the morning, but clearing off beautifully, and Old Sol again treading the short path to *terra firma* and making poor humanity very sensibly aware of his presence, ere the hour fixed for the resumption of the contest so disagreeably ended on the 18th inst. Notwithstanding the *fiasco* of the first day nearly if not quite as many spectators undertook the journey on the 19th, and along the course the scenes and incidents of Thursday were re-enacted with equally as much gusto as then. The betting upon the day before had ranged at 100 to 80 on Hamill, but the position of the men at the time of the collision influenced the market to such an extent as to change the odds to 100 to 60 on Coulter in the city and at the course on Friday. At the hour designated the contestants were in position, and a few minutes past four the signal was given and a beautiful start effected, but here again the race was brought to a sudden and altogether unexpected conclusion by the snapping in twain, short off, of Coulter's left-hand oar upon the third stroke, thus compelling him to abandon the contest, as no precaution had been taken to guard against such an accident, and leaving Hamill to row over the course at his leisure and take the stakes. Several shrewd betting men who witnessed the accident at once drove rapidly to Belmont Cottage, and by offering odds of 100 to 40, and even 100 to 25 on Hamill, managed to secure quite a snug sum ere the news of the disaster reached those in that locality. The result, while causing general dissatisfaction, rendered those who had bet their money upon Hamill jubilant, and correspondingly dejected the friends of Coulter, who aside from other considerations naturally disliked to see their money decided away in such a manner as this. After the referee had given his decision in favor of Hamill, Mr. Van Osten, a friend of the Manchester man, who had lost heavily on the affair, offered repeatedly to make a fresh match and row in the morning, for from $2,000 to $5,000, but although a gentleman stepped forward on Hamill's behalf and volunteered to stand $1,000 himself in such a match, Jimmy positively declined rowing any more, stating that he determined to adhere strictly to the resolve he had previously expressed, never to pull another race, as he had been in the arena sufficiently long, and he wished now to finally and forever retire. While Hamill has a right to do just as he pleases in the premises, and the public cannot justifiably impute wrong motives to him for whatever action he may choose to take, still the majority will not unreasonably claim that under the circumstances he should in honor give Coulter the desired opportunity. Besides, the result of the race leaves the question of superiority still in abeyance, and as the public will certainly give the credit to the man who still desires to definitely settle it, for his own sake and to shield his reputation from the slurs which will surely otherwise be cast upon it, even by those who have heretofore been and are now his friends, he should consent to one more engagement with his opponent. It cannot be any gratification to claim the championship he has so long maintained his title to in such a manner as this, and if he is firm in the resolve he has expressed the public will assuredly attribute the refusal to reasons which will not be creditable to himself. Coulter, of course, feels very much chagrined over the turn affairs have taken, as he was perfectly confident of proving triumphant, and he stated to our reporter after the contest that if Jimmy persisted in refusing to row him again he would claim the championship and be prepared to maintain his right to it against any man in the country, to row on the Monongahlea course. As to the insinuations contained in some journals and hinted by parties who know nothing about the matter that Coulter's oar had been tampered with, they are utterly unworthy of consideration, as Coulter states that he carefully examined and tested them before the race; the true cause, in our opinion, was their subjection to a strain which they were not capable of bearing. The time made by Hamill is said to have been 37 minutes 26 seconds, but we understand the course lacked considerably of being five miles.

THE MYSTIC RIVER REGATTA.

As part of the programme in celebrating the Bunker Hill Anniversary at Boston, Mass., a rowing regatta was held on the Mystic River on the 17th inst., and witnessed by numerous citizens. The judges were Messrs. Willard Rice, Mallen Parsons, John H. Burrill, Jr., Henry L. Haines and John B. McDonald. Their boat, the yacht Bonita, was moored in the usual place, near Chelsea bridge, and the two judges last named were stationed in the stakeboat near Malden bridge, a mile up the river. The course was just a mile long, as it was measured last winter on the ice.

THE FIRST RACE was between single sculls, six entries, viz:—Undaunted (shell), Charles Blanchard, Chelsea; Elta (shell), Leonard Kingsley, of Charlestown; Georgie B. (shell), Daniel E. Poor, Charlestown; William Appleton (shell), J. S. Fay, Jr., Boston; Charles E. Leow (shell), Ellis Ward, of Cornwall, N. Y. The boats got off in the midst of a smart shower, Ward taking the water first and shooting a couple of lengths ahead, closely followed by Fay, with Appleton third, the others being several lengths behind. On the first half mile Fay got even with Ward, and finally passed him, turning the stake about two lengths ahead The race home was chiefly between Fay and Ward, the former winning by half a dozen lengths in 15:24. The time of the other competitors was as follows:—Wm. Appleton, 15:40; L. E. Kingsley, 16:05; D. E. Poor, 16:21; C. A. Blanchard, 16:40.

THE SECOND RACE was by double sculls, five entries, viz:—Girondelle, crew, C. Butler and M. F. Wells, of the West End Club; Gertrude, the Holm Brothers, of Charlestown; the Francis Lowe, crew, Wm. P. Bagnell, Jr., and Wm. F. Lowe, of Chelsea; the Lizzie, crew, P. J. Brennan and Andrew McKee, of Charlestown; the Snarkey, crew, E. S. Tobey and Samuel Dyke. The boats got off in very smooth water in the order of the positions above named, the Snarkey taking the water first and leading by a length for half a mile, hard pushed by the Gertrude. The Girondelle, Lizzie and Lowe were next, the two latter being well behind. After turning the stakeboat the Girondelle picked up amazingly and passed the score with a lead of twelve lengths, the Gertrude and Lowe being next, while the Snarkey was several lengths behind and the Lizzie was distanced. The time made was Girondelle, 16:04; Gertrude, 16:27; Francis Lowe, 16:44; Snarker, 17:24; Lizzie, distanced.

THE THIRD RACE was between four-oared boats, three entries, named and manned as follows:—Samuel Moody, Old What Cheer (shell), crew, James McSchnaffery (bow), Thomas Owens, Thomas Scanlan and James Cheney (stroke); S. P. Chase, (lapstreak), crew, Thomas Scott (bow), M. Fox, M. Barry, M. Driswold (stroke); The Stranger, (shell), crew, Benjamin Meallen (bow), Joseph Riley, M. Mullony, Patrick Grady (stroke). The boats took position in the order named, the Samuel Moody being next to the wharf. A splendid start was effected, all the boats getting off evenly and finely. In a few seconds the Moody boat led, with Roahr second, the Aurora third, and the other three in the rear in a bunch. These positions were kept by the boats during the first two miles, they rounding the stakeboat at the end of the second mile in the order given. There were a few spurts in the last two miles, but no important difference in position was noticeable, and on the homestretch the boats appeared as before, the Moody boat coming in first and winning the race in 28:49, amid loud cheers from the friends of the crew. The time of the other boats was as follows:—George Roahr, 28:58; Aurora, 29:23; George E. Wiggin, 29:40; Stranger, 29:44; S. P. Chase, 29:48.

A SOUTHERN REGATTA.

A regatta took place at Arlington, near Mobile, Ala., on the 12th inst., which attracted quite a concregation of ladies and gentlemen to see it. The entries were the yachts Gladiola, Melissa, Harlequin and Nettie Chandler, all small craft, and the course was triangular, three times round stakes a mile apart, and the Mobile Yacht Club rules were adopted. At 4.40 P. M. the boats got under way in the following order:—Nettie Chandler, Harlequin, Melissa and Gladiola, and stood off close hauled on the starboard tack, the Nettie Chandler leading, and the Harlequin next and to windward of all. About midway between the first stake the Gladiola ranged ahead and burned, followed closely by the Harlequin, the Melissa and Nettie Chandler being some distance astern. The wind now being on the quarter the boats made rapid headway, and the race to the second stake was exciting. The Gladiola passed the stake first, leaving her competitors far astern. The point of sailing being favorable for the Melissa, especially, being skiff built, she overhauled the Harlequin, and both boats passed the stake side and side, followed closely by the Nettie Chandler. The wind being dead ahead, the sailing qualities of the boats, together with their management, were put to the test. They were all skillfully handled, and no fault could be found in that respect; but the keel boats proved too much for the skiff, and it was obvious to all that she stood a very poor chance of winning the race the little Nettie Chandler having rapidly overhauled and passed her. When near the home stake-boat, the Gladiola leading, the Nettie Chandler carried away her peak halyards and was obliged to withdraw from the race, not before, however, every effort had been made to remedy the mishap. It was particularly unfortunate for the boat, as she was in a fair way of passing the home stake second and of winning the race, being allowed time. The boats passed the home stake in the following order:—Gladiola, Harlequin and Melissa, the former far ahead. Time—Gladiola, 27:30; Harlequin, 30:50; Melissa, 32:41.

In the second round the boats maintained their relative positions, with the exception of the Melissa, which was left some distance astern. The home stake was passed in the same order as the first round. Time—Gladiola, 59:20; Harlequin, 1h.03:00; Melissa, 1h 09:42.

The lookers on now seemed confident that the Gladiola would win the race, and that the Melissa would be distanced; and the excitement, therefore, was not so great as at the start. After the Gladiola had passed the home stake, the Nettie Chandler started out, simply for the purpose of trying her sailing qualities with her, and stuck very closely to her during the whole round, coming in second. The Melissa, here finding that she was distanced, rounded to and withdrew from the race. The Gladiola was, however, too much for her little rival, the Harlequin, and turned the home stake some distance ahead, winning the race by 15 seconds, the Harlequin being allowed six seconds to the foot per mile. Time—Gladiola, 1h. 24:10; Harlequin, 1h. 29:05

A SINGLE AND DOUBLE SCULL RACE in working boats will take place, under the auspices of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, on Thursday, July 16, at 4 P. M., for two solid silver prizes, presented by David Banks, Jr. The race will take place over the Association Course, at the Elysian Fields.

BASE BALL.

UNION vs. MOHAWK.

The first game of the match between these clubs was played at the Capitoline ground, Bedford, L. I., on the 15th inst. The Mohawks have gained quite a reputation this season for their sharp fielding, and their match with the champions was looked forward to with considerab e interest. Consequently quite a respectable sized crowd was in attendance, who watched the game with evident interest. The Unions took the lead, as a matter of course, and maintained it to the close of the contest. Up to the end of the third innings the game was well contested, the score standing 8 to 6; but in the fourth innings the champions batted well for seven runs, and disposed of the Mohawks for a single, and the game at once assumed a one-sided aspect. In the last four innings the Unions got their muscle up, making 19 runs; while they fielded so sharply that the Mohawk warriors only scored four, which they made in the seventh innings. This left the totals 34 to 11, a fine average for the Unions. The "old woman," Pabor, pitched in his best style, while the playing of Birdsall was the admiration of all. Smith was absent from the Union nine, but Simmons filled his place in the field creditably. Forker, Hall and Tracy, of the Mohawks, acquitted themselves nobly in fielding, but Samuels was a little remiss at short field. The Mohawks appeared in a new uniform, consisting of light blue flannel, bound with red, and made a very handsome appearance. The score is annexed, and includes left on bases and fly catches:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Wright, s s	2	6	0	0
Birdsall, c	2	5	1	3
Shelley, 3d b	3	4	1	0
Beales, r f	2	5	1	2
Monks, 2d b	6	1	1	0
Goldie, 1st b	2	4	2	0
Austin, c f	3	4	1	2
Simmons, 1 f	3	2	5	1
Pabor, p	4	3	0	1
Totals	27	34	10	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	5	0	3	7	0	4	1	7	7—34
Mohawk	1	0	5	1	0	0	4	0	0—11

MOHAWK.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Tracy, c f	2	2	1	5
Forker, 1st b	3	1	1	0
McCrea, 3d b	3	1	1	0
Weeks, 2d b	4	1	0	1
Leunon, c	2	2	1	0
Hall, r f	3	1	1	3
Samuels, s s	2	2	1	0
Wiggins, l f	5	0	0	1
Davenport, p	2	1	1	1
Totals	27	11	6	12

Double plays—Wright and Goldie, Weeks and Folker. Outs on foul balls—Mohawk, 8; Union, 4. Umpire—Mr. Hall, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Hudson. Time of game—Two hours 5 minutes.

THE IRVINGTONS TAKE THE FIELD.

This once famous New Jersey club opened play for the season on the 13th inst., their opponents being the Princeton College Club. The Irvingtons have remained very quiet since they lost Wallers, Stockman, Leonard and Sweezy, but their numerous admirers will welcome them back again right heartily. Lines and Mills, from the Active and Eureka Clubs, are now members of the Irvingtons, and took part in this match. The game took place at Princeton, N. J., and resulted in the defeat of the College nine by a score of 23 to 18. Now that they have set the ball in motion, it is to be hoped that the Jersey boys will go to work in earnest, and get on games with some of our best metropolitan clubs. Following is the score:—

PRINCETON.	H.L.	R.
Rankin, c	2	5
McKibben, p	2	4
Schenck, 1st b	3	1
Oliphant, 2d b	1	1
Eby, 3d b	3	2
G. Ward, s s	3	2
F. W. Ward, l f	4	1
McIlvaine, c f	3	1
Miller, r f	4	2
Total		18

IRVINGTON.	H.L.	R.
Mills, 3d b	2	3
Lines, 1 f	5	0
Lewis, 2d b	5	1
H. Campbell, c f	4	3
Crawford, s s	4	2
M. Campbell, 1st b	1	5
Bailey, p	3	5
J. Campbell, r f	4	1
Buckley, c	1	5
Total		23

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Lowell	2	4	1	1	0	1	2	0	4	—16
Yale	4	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	4	1—13

Umpire—W. M. Hudson, of Charte ak B. B. C., Hartford, Connecticut.

UNION vs. STAR, OF PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

On the 13th inst. the champion Unions took a trip to Pleasantville, Westchester Co., N. Y., to meet the Star Club, of that place, in friendly contest. The Unions were accompanied by a small delegation of their friends and were cordially received and pleasantly entertained by the residents of the town. The game was an exceedingly interesting exhibition, and afforded amusement to a large concourse of country folk who had journeyed long distances to see the noted ball players from Morrisania. In the forepart of the game the Stars found it somewhat difficult to score, but towards the close they rallied nicely, making nine runs in the last three innings, the Unions in the meantime getting but three. The contest was marked throughout by the most friendly feeling, and the Unions returned late in the afternoon well pleased with their trip. The score is as follows:—

STAR.	H.L.	R.
Cassell, 3d b	4	1
Banks, 2d b	3	2
Glenning, r f	1	3
Brower, s s	2	2
Storms, 1st b	3	1
Pearsall, p	1	1
Van Wart, c f	2	1
Sackett, c f	5	0
See, 1 f	4	1
Total		12

UNION.	H.L.	R.
Wright, s s	3	4
Birdsall, c	2	4
Shelley, 3d b	5	4
Beals, r f	2	5
Monks, 2d b	3	1
Goldie, 1st b	3	6
Austin, c f	2	5
Simmons, 1 f	5	2
Pabor, p	6	2
Total		38

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Star	1	0	0	1	0	4	4	1	—12
Union	4	5	0	2	6	10	6	4	2—38

Umpire—Mr. Jennings, of the Harlem Club. Scorers—Messrs. Brown and Lush. Time of game—Two hours and fifty-five minutes.

THE "MODERN ATHENS" vs. THE "CITY OF ELMS."

The Lowell Club, of Boston, the pioneers of the national game in New England, paid a visit to New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, the 13th inst., to meet the promising young student nine of Yale College. The day was a fine one for base ball purposes, and quite a large crowd gathered to witness the game, which was played on Hamilton Park, about two miles from the city. Play commenced at 2:30 P. M., with the Lowells at the bat. After making two runs they retired the collegians without scoring, thus assuming the lead at the very outset. This lead they further increased in the second innings and maintained up to the ninth. The score now stood 12 to 8 in favor of the Bostonians, and the game was generally considered as settled. The Yale men, however, were not discouraged, and upon taking the field in the ninth innings at once "whitewashed" their opponents. They now took the bat, with four to make tie and five to win. Aided somewhat by poor throwing on the Lowell side they scored just the number requisite to tie the game. In the last inning, by stealing home from third base in fi e style, The excitement was now, of course, intense, but the suspense was soon over. The Lowells increased their score by four tallies, while Yale was disposed of after making one run, the totals being—Lowell, 16; Yale, 13. The playing of the Lowells on this occasion, which, we believe, was their first game of any importance, was excellent. They are very strong at the bat, some of their striking being really splendid. Their new catcher, Bradbury, won words of admirers, and appears to be a great acquisition to the club. With their present nine we see no reason why the Lowells should not regain their old prominence. The College boys played very loosely during the first half of the game, and, although they improved towards the close, their playing throughout was far below that of their game on the 6th inst. with the champion Unions, in which they almost won a victory. Individual players, however, merit notice. McClintock took three flies in fine style in the centre fie d, and Buck played first base in a manner approaching perfection, putting out fifteen of the Lowells at that point. The Yale men need to pay immediate and thorough attention to their batting, in which they are very deficient. With practice, however, they need not despair of the proud distinction of being the first nine east of New York. Below is the score:—

LOWELL.	H.L.	R.
Lovett, p	1	4
Joslyn, 3d b	4	1
Rogers, c f	3	2
Sumner, 2d b	2	3
Jewell, s s	4	1
Hawes, 1st b	4	1
Bradbury, c	4	1
Alline, r f	4	1
Newton, 1 f	4	1
Total		15

YALE.	H.L.	R.
Buck, 1st b	5	1
McClure, 3d b	4	1
Condict, c	2	5
Deming, 1 f	3	2
Hooker, p	2	3
McCutchen, s s	3	2
Seldon, 2d b	1	2
Bradbury, c f	2	2
Newton, 1 f	2	2
Wilder, s s	3	2
Total		13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Lowell	0	0	4	3	1	0	4	3	0—15
Brown	4	5	0	2	1	4	0	2	1—22

Fly catches—Brown—Taylor, 5; Bowker, 3; Fales, 1; Colwell, 3. Lowell—Lovett, 2; Rogers, 1; Newton, 1; Wilder, 1. Umpire—Mr. John A. Lowell, of Boston. Scorers—Brown—Daniel Beckwith. Lowell—George B. Appleton.

On the side of th Lowells the pitching of Lovett and catching of Bradbury were particularly noticeable. The fielding of the club was very even, and showed good playing. On the side of the Brown's, Herreshoff, the pitcher, and Munroe, the catcher, deserve special notice, while Bowker presented a clear score, six tallies and no outs. Taylor did some fine fly catching.

ACTIVE vs. ROSE HILL.

The Actives, of New York, took a trip to Fordham, Westchester County, on the 18th inst., to play a game with the Rose Hill Club, of St. John's College. Now, although the Actives are prepared at almost any time to give or take a defeat, they looked upon themselves as "masters" on this occasion and upon the collegians as their "pupils." But there is an uncertainty about base ball which adds a charm to it, a fact which one or two of our metropolitan clubs have found out to their cost this season. Clubs that go to Fordham must recollect that the collegians, while cramming their craniums with knowledge, do not neglect the physical man, but take their "breathings" every day, and "toss the ball round" quite often, as will be seen by the score. The Actives rallied toward the close and made a good finish to the game. The Actives can attribute their defeat to their want of practice, their fielding being decidedly of the muffy order in most of the innings. Following is the score:—

ROSE HILL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Bellan, c	4	3	2	1
Easton, p	3	4	2	2
Tournet, 1st b	2	5	2	0
Madden, 2d b	2	0	0	0
Treanor, s s	2	5	0	0
Prendergast, c f	4	3	0	0
Mason, 3d b	2	5	0	0
Christadoro, l f	4	2	1	3
Escudero, r f	4	3	0	2
Totals	27	25	7	9

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
U. C. Kelly, 1st b	4	3	0	1
Wands, l f	7	1	0	6
Ebbets, c f	3	4	0	1
W. J. Kelly, c	3	4	0	0
Haines, s s	4	5	1	0
Clarke, 3d b	2	5	0	0
Rogers, r f	1	5	1	1
T. F. Kelly, 2d b	2	4	0	0
Walker, p	3	3	0	1
Totals	27	34	3	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Active	2	3	5	0	3	5	4	6	6—34
Rose Hill	5	2	0	4	7	11	2	4	2—25

Umpire—Geo. Wright, of Unions. Scorers—E. Hallock and Chas. Martin. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. MOHAWK.

The Mutuals gained another victory over the Mohawks on the 17th inst., this time by a score of 22 to 6. The score of the first game was 27 to 5. Several of the best players of both nines were absent, but the substitutes did very well. Johnny Kelly, who used to play in the Mutual nine quite often a few seasons ago, was pressed into the service at first base, and played in his best style. Shreve also distinguished himself behind the bat, where he played during most of the game. The manner in which he faced the "Jersey lightning" of Walters rather astonished the spectators, who expected to see the little fellow knocked out of time. One of the prettiest plays of the game was made by Shreve, when, by a pretty throw to second, he cut off Lennon, who was trying to steal a base. He also captured Wiggins at home base in capital style, the ball being passed from right field to pitcher, who gave it to Shreve "red hot." Flanly also played in his well known style. Walters' pitching was rather too heavy for the young Mohawks, and their inability to hit him effectively was manifest early in the game. The Mohawks, with one or two exceptions, fielded like Trojans. O'Brien, the new second baseman, carried off the honors, with Davy and Wiggins not far behind him. McCrea, Dennison and Miles also deserve credit for the part they played. Tracey did not have a chance to excel in the field and was unfortunate at the bat. Davenport pitched in his best style, and he is rapidly assuming a position as one of the best young pitchers in the country. The game was played in the most friendly manner, a sort of "free and easy" spirit prevailing among players and umpire which at times was very amusing. The appended table indicates, in the two last columns, left on bases and fly catchers:—

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Kelly, 1st b	4	2	1	2
C. Hunt, c f	5	3	1	1
Pike, l f	3	2	1	0
Flanly, 2d b	3	3	0	0
Shreve, s s	3	2	1	1
Swandel, c	3	3	0	2
Thorne, r f	4	2	0	0
Walters, p	3	2	1	1
Devyr, 3d b	1	3	2	0
Total	29	22	7	9

MOHAWK.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Tracy, c f	3	0	1	0
Davenport, p	2	1	1	0
Miles, r	4	0	0	2
Lennon, c	4	1	0	1
Kelly, s s	4	1	0	0
McCrea, 3d b	3	1	0	0
Davy, 1st b	3	1	0	3
Wiggins, r f	3	0	0	2
O'Brien, 2d b	2	1	0	3
Total	27	6	2	12

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	5	0	1	3	1	0	3	8	1—22
Mohawk	0	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	1— 6

Umpire—Mr. T. Macdiarmid, of the Star Club. Scorers—Messrs. Kenny and Stelner. Out on fouls—Mutuals, 6; Mohawks, 9. Time of game—two hours and twenty minutes.

THE GAME IN WASHINGTON.

The Jefferson B. B. Club of Washington, D C., opened play for the season on Tuesday, 16th inst., in a match game with the Pioneer Club, the Champions of Alexandria, Va., which, after a tedious game of eight innings, consuming three hours and ten minutes, terminated in favor of the Jefferson by the score of 64 to 16. On the Jefferson side a very fine display of batting was made (they scoring no less than thirteen home runs, seven in one inning), in which Anderson, Yeatman and Daniels excelled, while the fielding of McClelland, Anderson and Doyle was very fine. On the part of the Pioneer, Cumberland, Strine and Bielaski are the only ones who deserve mention, except Perry, who put in one home run, and also caught and dropped two balls in centre field. Below is the score:—

JEFFERSON.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
McClelland, 2d b	13	6	0	
Yeatman, l f	2	8	3	
Doyle, s s	3	4	6	
Joyce, c f	6	5	5	
Daniels, 1st b	1	8	1	
Finney, 3d b	5	6	7	
Anderson, p	2	7	8	
Davis, r f	3	7	6	
Shields, c	2	8	7	
Totals	24	64	61	

PIONEER.	H.	R.	L.	F.
Gordon, l f	4	1	1	
Cumberland, c	0	4	2	
Brenner, 2d b	4	1	1	
Cumberland, c	0	4	2	
Strine, 1st b	2	2	2	
Williams, p	2	1	1	
Perry, c f	4	1	0	
Bielaski, s s	2	2	2	
Ridgeway, 3d b	1	1	1	
Totals	21	13	12	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Jefferson	9	8	1	2	10	10	5	9—64
Pioneer	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—13

Umpire—R. M. Drinkard, Esq., Union B. B. Club. Fly catches—Shields, 3; McClelland, 2; Doyle, 2; Finney, 2; Anderson, 1; Daniels, 1; Joyce, 1—total, 12. Pioneer, 11. Flies missed—McClelland, 1, Yeatman, 1; Finney, 1—total, 3. Pioneer, 7. Bound missed—Shields, 2. Pioneer, 1. Struck out—Pioneer, 7. Out at bases—Jefferson, 9; Pioneer, 8. Bound catches—Shields, 2. Pioneer, 5. Passed balls—Shields, 2. Pioneer, 13. Wild throws—Shields, 1; Anderson, 2. Pioneer, 8. Balls called on—Anderson, 13. Pioneer, 8. Bases on baulks—Finney, 1. Balls called—Pioneer, 2.

THE HAYMAKERS AT WORK.

A match was played at Troy, N. Y., on the 17th inst., between the Unions, of Lansingburg, and the Central City Club, of Syracuse. For three hours under the burning rays of a vertical sun, over two thousand people sat and watched the exciting game from its opening to its close with rapt interest. Old lovers of the game pronounced the playing on the part of the Union Haymakers as the best sustained effort throughout which they had ever witnessed. It might be considered invidious to particularize among the Haymaker members where all so well earned the meed of praise. Davis made the most runs, while the pitching of the new pitcher, Rua, was such as to rank him among the best pitchers in the country. That "screw" ball of his that twists and speeds as if shot from a rifle was really artistic. The Centrals played well, and gave some splendid specimens of how to do it, but from the first they appeared to be under a cloud, and it was apparent to all that they were doomed to defeat. One of their number gave out during the game, which was still another drawback. They behaved well, played well, but from the first innings it was certain that they were doomed. The following is the score:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.
Craver, c	3	6
Ward, 2d b	6	4
Davis, 1st b	1	8
McAtee, s s	3	5
Flynn, r f	4	4
M. King, c f	2	4
Rua, p	5	3
S. King, l f	1	7
Penfield, 3d b	2	7
Total	48	

CENTRAL CITY.	H.L.	R.
Critenden, 2d b	2	2
Porter, 3d b	4	0
Boswell, c f	3	2
Johnson, c	3	0
Adams, s s	2	1
Tufford, l f	4	0
Dodge, p	3	1
Noakes, 1st b	3	0
Campbell, r f	3	0
Total		6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	3	5	12	8	0	0	2	10	8—48
Central City	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1— 6

Out on foul flys—Central City: Johnson, 2; Unions: Craver, 2; Davis, 1. Out on foul bounds—Central City: Johnson, 1; Tufford, 1; Unions: Penfield, 1; Craver, 4; Davis, 1. Fly Catches—Central City: Adams, 1; Tufford, 1; Dodge, 1; Noakes, 1—4. Unions: Ward, 2; McAtee, 1; Flynn, 1; M. King, 2; Davis, 1; S. King, 2. Passed balls—Johnson, 10; Craver, 3. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes. Umpire—Mr. Gaffney, of the Union Club, Cohoes. Scorers—Central city: Mr. Brownell; Unions: Mr. Schofield.

WESTERN vs. FRANKLIN.

The Westerns, the "old reliables" of Indianapolis, Ind., made a flying visit to Franklin, Ind., June 11th, to engage with the crack organization of that city, whom they "took on the fly," as will be seen by the score below. The Westerns batted heavily and but for the nature of the ground—a meadow newly mown—home runs all around would have been the ticket. They are said to be the best batting nine in the State; and as fielders they are hard to beat. The Franklins did good batting in the fifth innings, and partly owing to loose fielding of the Westerns they succeeded in getting eleven runs before being put out. They entertained their Indianapolis friends in true Hoosier style. The score will give further particulars:—

WESTERN.	H.L.	R.
Stoner, s s	1	9
Daniels, p	0	8
Sulgrove, 3d b	1	7
B. Williams, 2d b	5	5
Webster, 1st b	2	4
Blain, c f	2	7
D. Williams, l f	1	5
Rhodes, c	5	5
Ryhl, r f	3	6
Total	47	

FRANKLIN.	H.L.	R.
Jennings, c f	4	4
Beaufort, 3d b	3	3
Carson, c	5	1
Wolf, s s	5	2
Barnitt, 1st b	2	4
Terrill, 2d b	2	4
Lambertson, l f	1	5
Henshaw, r f	3	3
M'Caslin, p	2	2
Total	31	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Western	4	5	9	1	1	10	13	3	1—47
Franklin	1	5	0	2	11	5	5	4	0—31

Flies caught—Western

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H. Howard,
Edward Hanlon,
Harry Hawk,
Geo. B. Heard,
Willie Henderson,
Wilson Brothers,
John W. Blaisdell,
E. S. Bergan,
Hal. Hoag,
Jerome Whitman,
Joe Mack,
Francis Parkhurst,
Charles Hart,
J. A. House,
E. Warden 22 cts.,
Geo. Thatcher,
Lucille Watson,
Jennie Howard,
Mrs. Harry Evarts,
M. Rosalie,
Marie Zoe,
Mlle. Celestine,
Lizzie Kosaie,
Belle Montrose,
Carolista,
Edie Whiting,
Caroline Hayes,
Oscar Templeton,
W. R. Hayden,
Sig. Faranta,
E. H. Brink,
Harry French,
Jennie Howard,
Mrs. E. T. Stetson,
Laura Paige,
Emelie Vernon,
Albertina Miller,
Minna Berg,
Imogene Tracy,
Katy Mayling,
Helen Coleman,
Victoria Howard.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, June 22, 1868.

HOT WEATHER is death on indoor amusements, and with the advent of the first heated term of the season we find theatres, minstrel halls and many other show places "closing up for repairs," or for a rejuvenation of the gas fixtures. The closing evenings of the past week were uncomfortably warm and the consequence was a lonely appearance of the auditoriums of our theatres, and a look of blank dismay about our "indefatigable treasurers." A "Flash of Lightning" is much better enjoyed out of doors than in; the "Lottery of Life" draws more blanks than paying tickets; the "White Fawn" is on its last legs; red hot melodrama on the eastern side has cooled the ardor of admirers for that sort of thing; in fact, managers are anxious for an early closing movement, and after the Fourth of July there will be but little doing in indoor amusements in the great metropolis. July and juleps will soon be the popular cry and excursions the popular go; while those who are supposed to be wealthy will pass the dog days at our "fashionable watering places," where nasty little rooms, ill prepared meals, sassy waiters and unaccommodating officials combine to make up what we call an attractive summer resort. Some go to Long Branch, but we'll have to branch off a long way from that, for such a branch requires a heavy trunk to sustain it. Many prefer Newport, but new port, whether in wine or water (ing) places does so turn us sick with its nauseating frivolities as to bar us out from that. Others there be who go to Saratoga, but alas! for us, we'll give it the go by, too, as we haven't the necessary Sara-toggery for such a place, where, even in the midst of summer, we find springs the ruling (water) power. There's a spot somewhat more desirable than Saratoga, where spring goes on shares with summer, and that's why it is called Sharon Springs. Nor can we expect to enjoy our *otium cum dignitate* at Cape May, for where a cape may be comfortable in winter time, it is not so serviceable when the dog star reigns. As for the White Mountains, the bills tendered you there keep a-mount in up as high as the everlasting hills. Catskill is too suggestive of feline slaughter for us; and we are not to be Cozzen,ed even under the Roes, into going to West Point. Do you see our point? Ah! well, may be they won't miss us at those famous places—may be we are like the fox who couldn't get at the grapes. Never mind; the season is but beginning, and ere its close even *we* may be enabled to put in our week or ten days at some cosy farm house where the beds are clean, the milk fresh, and the eggs laid right before you; where no ravenous waiters watch a body like he was a thief in the night, and where you can roll on the grass, knock around in your old clothes, and no man to make you afraid.....Stage pronunciation is very often at fault. Tother night, in the course of a favorite play, we listened to the following dialogue between two cloaked and muffled actors, supposed to be noblemen; and this is what these fraudulent nobles did say:—

"Doos 'ee know you?"
"No; nor would I hayre 'im."
"Then let us shoe ourselves!"

After that, who would'nt be an actor? "Our Jim," who has been idling his time away since the Bowery explosion, by which sad catastrophe he *thought* he was sorely injured, although he was two blocks off at the time, will endeavor to grind out a few verses on the subject of

WHO WOULD'NT BE AN ACTOR?

O! who would not an actor be,
To strut before the lights,
Dress with spangles all besprent
And gay, flesh-colored tights,
To proudly wear the mimic crown,
And wield the sceptre too,
Although one wears a shocking hat
And borrows of the Jew.

It's jolly to disport in clothes
Of fashionable cut,
And purses rich to give away,
Though filled one's own is not;
Or at a banquet rare to sit,
Although the fruits are wax,
And wines are of toast-water made,
On which there's nary tax.

How beats the heart with spirit high
As martial music swells,
Though only supers fill the ranks,
At whom the pittie yells,
And how with pride the bosom pants,
And gleams the trenchant steel
As rounds of loud applause are heard,
To show what hearers feel.

I'd rather be an actor chap
And live upon a crust,
Or go in seedy "hand-me-downs,"
And get my hash on trust;
Do anything that's honest called,
And in a garret dwell,
So I might share those honors proud
Of which the critics tell!

.....Years ago, before the Conquest, there were in Normandy certain old frauds who used to go about like our organ-men, singing verses about fights and love adventures and such nonsense, and they sang for stamps, too. These frauds were called minstrels; yet everybody knows that nigger minstrels, pure and unadulterated, didn't come into existence until our own day, showing to what a wretched strait the old timers must have been put when they assumed a title which properly belongs to the minstrels of the present period. But even our own nigger minstrels are paling before the scythe of time and the march of improvement, changing from the grub minstrel to the highfalutin,' butterfly Ethiopian comedian. Whether the present delegation of high-toned minstrels are descended from the Conqueror, or whether they flopped down among us in the ordinary way, are questions about which we shall keep dark, or refer it to the Reconstruction Committee of Congress. Dropping, then, the important questions whether Backus is on friendly terms with that other Bacchus, whether Sph. Horn is a blood relation to the "White Fawn," and whether horse meat is good for ordinary diseases, we intend to propound to you a problem which will afford food for solemn reflection, and enable you to dip into the hidden sciences and lost arts without inconvenience or distress. This is our problem:—Suppose you attend one of our minstrel shows for the purpose of showing the object of your affection the object of your enjoyment at fifty cents and one dollar a head, according to the location of your reserved seat or otherwise; and suppose, in the innocence of your childish glee, and in the exuberance of her much pent up feelings consequent upon a too rigid enforcement and exactment of stern parental *regime*, inflicted without no malice aforethought or intention to blight the budding blossom ere she had reached that stage of love and devotion to which all young and irreconcilable persons are addicted by reason of a too confiding nature and a loving disposition worthy of a better cause than it has ever fallen to the lot of fragile man to indoctrinate in the broad panoply of those celestial regions where every tub has to stand on its own bottom without no magisterial interference or incarceration in solemn receptacles for forty days and forty nights without no communication with the dynamics or perambics of champion propellers of the spruces as they tend to their arduous task and become upset and immersed in the refreshing waters of a purling stream as it winds its to and along the slopes of a green sward upon whose verdant surface recline the ferocious denizens of a country fife with lager beer and myrmidons who are ever ready to slake their thirst in the genial fluid which lulls to sleep like it were appropriate doses of laudanum or cold paren distilled in some underground vault belonging to gentlemen who set the tax law at defiance and issue meandering streams of the subtle fluid at a dollar a gallon and down with the stamp act which would deprive the free and independent people of the greatest and freest and easiest country on the face of the globe prior to the late rebellion which sapped the fundamental principles of our constitution and left the bones of thousands of antagonistic spirits to bleach upon the sun-dried plains of a devastated field of carnage such as the world ne'er gazed upon before nor since the days when those highly moral and pious old bummers the Crusaders went forth in their might to chop down the adversary who should dare to stand up for their rights in the cause of freedom and the Singingbund and Schutzenfest handed down to us from the time whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs not back as far thereto as might have been desirable to make a correct record for the readers of the oldest and most reliable sporting and theatrical paper in the United States—and suppose this gushing young female woman should at the first outrace of the minstrels say unto you these words: "Why do minstrels wear dress suits in the first part of their performance?" what, under the painful circumstances of which, such a untressful question as this should place you, would be your instantaneous and unobtrusive answer? Why, you would say to this young woman, in the language of the poet, "Meet Me at the Lane When the Clock Strikes Ten, or a little later if it suits you better," which would be entirely erroneous and unfounded on fact, as you will readily perceive when we assure you that the answer to "Why do Minstrels wear dress suits in the first part of their performance?" would be "Because that dress suits the public." Should she in the kindness of her disposition and in the plentitude of her enjoyment, add: "Why are minstrels in the first part like carmen?" you will shoot folly thus by immediately responding:—"Because they are in a row." But we'll lay you a wager that the following lay will allay all doubts as to the labors of minstrels in the labyrinth of our amusements. Read about

YE MINSTREL MEN.

We'll sing a lay of minstrels—
But those whose amorous fires
On harp or lyre were sung—we'll harp
On Ogers, or we're liars—
On those who black their faces,
And nigcerize their talk;
Of Norman minstrels we'll have sung;
We'll sing of those of Cork.

These minstrels have an easy time—
Hard workers 'twould astound—
For true it is their work sometimes
Is but a "walk around."
And yet, though 'tis so easy, they
Stupidity do crown;
For tho' they've but to "walk around,"
In female attire.

In that they all "break down."
What Dan lacked in his singing he made up in dancing, for he finished the act with a jig. His "Captain Jinks" was his best impersonation, his peculiar swagger appearing to please very well. Eugene continues in great favor with the *habitues* and is heartily applauded each evening. On the *encore* last week he gave "The Dashing White Sergeant," which was capitally rendered, and received with shouts of laughter. As an impersonator of female characters, he has very few, if any equals. This week will be produced a burlesque called "A Flask of Jersey Lightning."

THE THREE LATEST ADDITIONS to the San Francisco Minstrels are Joe Brown, "jiggist;" Henry Grabe, harmonicum player, and D. W. Howe, balladist. The former has been absent in England for several years, and before he left was acknowledged as one of the best jig dancers of the day. He made his re-appearance here on the 15th inst., in a jig, and met with a good reception. He danced just seven minutes, which is pretty warm work this kind of weather. He performed many novel, attractive and difficult steps, surpassing in execution all attempts at jig dancing since we last saw Tommy Peel. He is an easy and graceful dancer, and makes more changes than any other "jigist" we have yet seen. He was enthusiastically called out, but the atmosphere was not salubrious enough to warrant a repetition. Mr. Howe possesses a good voice and knows how to use it. Mr. Grabe performed several popular airs on the harmonicum in a pleasing manner. The shadow pantomime, which closed the evening's fun, sent the audience home in good humor. The present is the last week of the season. On the 25th, John Bunnett, the treasurer, takes a benefit, and on the 26th Bobby Newcomb makes an appeal to his many admirers.

S. S. PURDY, in consequence of a very heavy "indisposition," was not in condition to appear on the tambo end with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels on the 18th inst., and, in consequence, was permitted to sever his connection with the company, doing so at a moment's notice, and putting the management at considerable trouble, for Mr. Purdy was in the cast of "La Bell L'N," and had the *role* of Arrest-Us, an important one, which had to be taken by Joe Murphy without any study at all. This is damaging to any place, not only injuring the management, but disappointing the audience, who have paid their money to see what is set forth in the bills.

LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY & Co., scenic artists, have established themselves at Nos. 226 and 228 Sixth street, N. Y., as will be seen by advertisement.

TONY PASTOR announces this as the last week of his present season at his Opera House in the Bowery. Taken on the whole it has proved the most successful one he has yet had in this city. He opened July 29 and for forty-seven weeks has given performances each night and on Saturday afternoon, altogether three hundred and thirty-six performances. Each week he has produced a new drama, from the pen of John F. Poole, in addition to a good variety entertainment, introducing at intervals not only novelties of every description, but some of the best talent to be found in the variety business, and we are pleased to record the fact that his efforts have been rewarded by a succession of good houses. Tony is a liberal manager and knows how to manage a variety theatre. He closes his establishment on the 27th and takes his company to Boston for a summer season. On the 29th Emmerson and Allen's Minstrels open at the Opera House. For his closing week Tony presents Charley Gardner, George Warren, the Nelson Brothers and Ned Lourie as the latest additions to his company.

HARRY WALL sails for England on the 27th inst. He takes out with him the models of Brougham's play of the "Lottery of Life," with full power for the production of it on the other side. He has the right of producing any of Augustin Daly's dramatic productions. Mr. Wall's address, while in England, will be care of Alex. Henderson, No. 7 New Coventry street, London.

FRANK SWIFT appears at the Olympic Theatre in place of E. T. Gooderich, Mr. Swift doing so to oblige Mr. G.

CHARLEY PETTENGILL appears the first three nights of this week at the Theatre Comique.

MISS KATE RANOE has left New York to fulfill a star engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. Her advertisement appears in another column.

GEORGE BROOKE AND C. J. FYFFE arrived in this city on the 21st inst., from Aspinwall. They have been gone just eight months with a small dramatic company, during which time they have performed on all the principal islands of South America and the West Indies.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, the accredited agents for many of the most popular stars in this country, as well as for the oldest managers in the profession, announce that they are prepared to treat with ladies and gentlemen for engagements in the leading theatres throughout the west and south west, particularly the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans.

JULIA FITZPATRICK, a serio comic vocalist, a late arrival from England, commences at the Theatre Comique this evening. Logrenia, who has been the chief attraction the past week with his trained cats, birds and white mice, continues his engagement, appearing this week in a burlesque sketch on Prof. Hilton, the Ventriloquist, who will be remembered appeared at the Comique a short time since with his talking and singing heads. Airee continues his sensation act on the swinging Trapeze, and the burlesque of "Under the Lamp Post" is revived.

LEON takes a benefit at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, on the 24th inst., which is announced as the last night of the season.

THE "WHITE FAWN" performances at Niblo's Garden are fast drawing to a close, the present week being the last but two, when all the present company will pull for other scenes, to make way for Bateman and his troupe, who will appear in *opera bouffe*. The "Fawn" has not been so successful as was at first anticipated.

MISS HATTIE DE LEE will spend the summer months at her residence on Long Island, and resume her professional engagements in the fall. Miss De Lee has been perfecting herself in a new line of business in anticipation of the coming season. She is now at her residence in this city.

WM. E. ROGERS, treasurer of the Olympic, San Francisco, arrived here on the 21st, in search of talent for California.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the City places of amusement for the month of May as returned to the Revenue Collectors were as follows:—

Olympic	$31,993	Niblo's Garden	$26,982
Wallack's	21,631	Broadway	16,098
Theatre Comique	14,081	Worrell Sisters	12,141
Bowery	9,745	French Theatre	13,881
Kelly and Leon's	8,423	Tony Pastor's	8,948
San Francisco's	7,071	Pike's Opera House	4,035

New York Circus—tenting season—$37,657.

Dramatic.

"THE FINEST PLAYING EVER SEEN IN ST. PAUL!"—This sentence during the past week has been in the mouth of nearly every person in the city, says our correspondent, who adds:—"With a determination to meet the wants of the community Manager Plunkett has at last given us a company which is creditable to any city. The 'Lady of Lyons' has many times been presented in New York and Boston with a worse cast than the following:—Pauline, Fanny Morgan Phelps; Widow Melnotte, Nellie Mortimer; Madame Deschapelles, Mrs. Burt; Marion, Clara Burt; Claude Melnotte, Geo. D. Vere; Col. Damas, D. B. Vanderin; Beauscant, H. W. Duncan; Glavis, Geo. Burt. The citizens are now proving what we have claimed in your columns for years, viz., that they would be glad to patronize a good dramatic company liberally. Mr. Plunkett adds the name of John Dillon to the list the coming (this) week..... Wilder's Japanese Troupe went from here to Minneapolis (ten miles up the Mississippi) and there played to a thousand dollars in two nights. They are now *en route* down the river.....Ingersoll Hall for the past six nights has been occupied by J. Simms, M. D., who has delighted the public with topics of science, common sense, fun and pictures. The Doctor is a shrewd financier and is salting down the greenbacks rapidly. For the present (past) week, in addition to a first class theatre we are to have the charming and popular Olive Logan on Tuesday, the 16th; the Peak Family of Bell Ringers on the 17th and 18th; and Maurice Grossmon, a young Hungarian tragedian, on the 19th. Mr. Grossmon comes endorsed by very high literary authority in the east, and will probably have a select audience; but nothing like that which will be out on the 16th to see and hear Miss Logan. No entertainment that has ever been advertised here has created so much interest in advance. Four days before the day advertised between four and five hundred reserve tickets were sold and the excitement continues to increase. We will give you a report of how she takes next week."

MISS JENNIE MAY, leading lady, may be addressed through box 460 Lowell P. O., Mass.

MR. F. C. BANGS, formerly leading man at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., gave a reading at Wall's Opera House in that city on the 18th inst., and although the evening was excessively warm, the house was comfortably filled and the entertainment greatly enjoyed. Mr. Bangs read "David Copperfield" and "Bob Sawyer's Party."

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS, closed their season of eight months travel at Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, 13th. They were not successful in Canada, owing to hard times and the country being overrun with shows; so says a correspondent.

GEORGE DOBSON has opened a banjo studio at 687½ Washington street, Boston, for the sale of Henry Dobson's patent banjos and to teach the instrument.

BREBAN'S BELL RINGERS chimed their bells at Albany, N. Y., on the 20th inst.

MARTZ AND STOVER'S COMBINATION opened in Kittery, Me., on the 18th inst.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., on the 16th inst., was produced the "Frolics of Puck"—a spectacular piece, written by George F. Fuller—to a good house. Our correspondent "Claude" says:—"Miss Effie Ellsler, as Puck, was really excellent; her acting as well as her singing takes the audience by storm. Clara Morris assumes two characters—King Oberon and Emily—and plays them both well. Nellie H. Young, as Titania and Jessie, would be better if she would study her lines. John Ellsler, Ed. Ellis, Sid Smith and J. E. Ewing are all good in their respective parts. Mlle. Idali is the *premiere danseuse*, and is one of the best dancers we have ever had in Cleveland; she is ably assisted by Mlle. Nathalie and Lizzie Irving. The transformation scene at the close of the fifth act is gorgeous, far surpassing the famed 'Black Crook' transformation scene."

A TALENTED TRIO, Cordelia Cappell, leading lady; J. L. Stewart, second heavy, and Annie Pettit Mandie, child actress, may be engaged by addressing per advertisement in another column.

ZOE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY continues out until after the 4th of July. The company, which consist of Mrs. La Forrest, Ma ttie and Oliver Wren, Fannie Durand, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lay, C. Stafford, J. Nugent, C. Sidney, J. Dwyer and C. Bates, closed in Petroleum Centre, Pa., on the 20th, and were advertised to open in Oil City on the 22d for three nights, and go thence to Meadville for three days, and Corry, 29th, for one night only.

EDMUND COLES opened with his dramatic company in OTTAWA, Canada, June 17th, in "Married Life" and "Jenny Lind." The following people comprise the company:—Fanny Stocqueler, Edwina Grey, Frankie McClellan, Lena Warner, Jenny Howard, Mary Robertson, Nora Bennett, Walter Bent, T. Beckett, F. C. Wells, M. Slevin, A. Childs, H. Moreland and C. Chadwick.

MAD. SCHELLER was the recipient of a benefit at Salt Lake City on the 9th inst., when she appeared as Portia, to Charlotte Crampton's Shylock.

"OUT IN THE WORLD" is the title of a new comedy, by Frank D. Swift, announced for production this week at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, with Sam Glenn in the leading *role*.

T. C. HOWARD'S COMPANY appeared at the Halifax Theatre during the past week, in "Lucretia Borgia" and "Arrah Na Pogue," the latter for the benefit of John Davies, on the 16th, when Lizzie Law made her first appearance as Mrs. Lullaby in "Conjugal Lesson."

CLARKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed "Hidden Hand" at Paterson, N. J., on the 20th inst.

STETSON AND SEXTON'S COMPANY were billed to open in Westfield, MASS., on the 22d inst., for three nights. E. H. Brink joins the party there.

THE LAGUANOR AND BRIGNOLI OPERA TROUPE played to less than one hundred dollars in London, Canada, one night last week.

TOWNSEND'S DRAMATIC TROUPE played at Brantford, C. W., during the races, to a losing business.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY was announced to make her first appearance since her late sickness, on the 22d inst., at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, in the comedy of "The Follies of a Night." On the 26th Vicia Crocker takes a benefit.

THE RECEIPTS of places of amusement in Boston, for the month of May, as returned to the Revenue Collectors, were as follows:—Boston Theatre, $20,196; Selwyn's, $17,629; Museum, $10,523; Theatre Comique, $10,108; Morris Brothers', $8,696; Howard Athenæum, $8,325.

THE OPERA IN MEMPHIS.—A correspondent writing from Memphis states that the Miss McCulloch Italian Opera Troupe gave two performances at the New Memphis Theatre on June 10th and 11th. The operas produced were the "Barber of Seville" and "Don Pasquale." The cast embraced Miss Isabella McCulloch, *prima donna*; Sig. Boye, tenor; Sig. Orlandini, baritone; Sig. Susini, basso; and Sig. Locatelli, secondo basso. The attendance was not large, but the entertainment gave satisfaction to all the lovers of good music. Sig. Toriani presided at the piano, and played the accompaniaments with grace and precision.

MR. AND MRS. J. O. SEXTON are the current stars at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., remaining there next week, and go thence to Wheeling, Va.

CATHARINE LUCETTE can be engaged for comedy, musical drama, or burlesque business. Her address is 39 Lafayette Place, this city.

BEAVY TAX ON AMUSEMENTS.—We notice in the Internal Tax Bill, recently under consideration in the House of Representatives at Washington, the following, which is proposed to tax places of amusement:—

"SECTION 123. *And be it further enacted*, That the owner or lessee of any permanently located building used for any exhibition, performance, show or entertainment whatsoever, except such as are hereinafter specifically exempted, to which admission is given for pay, shall be subject to and *pay a tax of ten per centum on the gross amount of all receipts derived by such owner or lessee from such exhibition, performance, show or entertainment;* and shall, *in addition thereto*, before commencing any such exhibition, performance, show or entertainment, pay to the collector or deputy collector of the district in which said building is situated a further specific tax, as follows:—For each exhibition given of any theatrical or operatic representation, musical entertainment, feats of horsemanship, acrobatic sports, or sleight of hand performance, where the ordinary or usual seating capacity of the room or rooms used for such exhibition, performance, show or entertainment, will accommodate not more than five hundred adult persons, two dollars; *exceeding the seating capacity, for five hundred, and not more than one thousand, adult persons*, five dollars; exceeding the seating capacity *for one thousand, and not more than two thousand adult persons*, fifteen dollars; exceeding the seating capacity for two thousand adult persons, twenty dollars."

The same section prescribes that the tax above levied shall be a lien upon the building until paid, and any attempt to evade the payment of said tax subjects the owner or lessee to a fine of one thousand dollars. Section 126 of the same bill imposes equally heavy taxes upon temporary or movable shows and traveling amusements of all kinds. If this should become a law, scarcely a manager in the country could afford to keep open, and the consequence would be hundreds of professionals thrown out of employment, and a great loss would accrue to managers who have all they possess invested in the show business. To impose such a tax is unjust and unequal. Government should rather encourage than crush caterers of public amusement, for such a tax would sink nine-tenths in the country, and those that bore up against it would demand double their present rates of admission. Consequently, the tax imposed would come directly from the pockets of the hard working mechanics, who are the principal supporters of all places of amusement. By this law the tax upon first class theatres would amount to about $4,000 for the season, *in addition to the two per cent. now demanded on the gross receipts;* amounting in all to over $7,000. No other country affords such a precedent in levying such a tax for amusements. In most of the old countries of the Old World amusements are fostered, and in many instances governments aid it with money. A short time since an attempt was made to increase the tax on the gross receipts from two to four per cent., which failed; and now we see a still greater imposition is being tried to squeeze from managers' pockets a still greater sum.

"THE GREAT REBELLION, OR THE LAST DITCH," a musical spectacular burlesque by Thomas R. Hann, has been produced at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa. A correspondent says:—"It is full of capital hits, and replete with incidents characterised by the last great struggle. The transformation scene, by Palmer, is decidedly one of the finest and most original I have yet seen, and adds a leaf of pure gold to the young man's reputation. Prof. Hartell wields the *baton* with considerable skill. Of the company, first stands G. C. Davenport, whose acting and make-up for the 'Great Untried Jeff' is one of the finest pieces of burlesque acting ever seen here. Mr. Lascells as John Bull and W. J. Ferguson as Louis Napoleon act with telling effect, while C. W. Felton in his double of the late Ex-President Buchanan and Mozey Rynders is really good. R. V. Furguson makes all that is possible out of the Attendant. Of the ladies, Miss Marble, since the opening night, has improved as Columbia, having dropped the extravagant acting which was really painful to look at, and now appears more the dignified mother of our States; her singing is fine and deservedly applauded. The *ballet* do a fine drill as female Zouaves, but need a little timing to make perfection. Mr. Hann intends to travel with the piece after the close of its run here, visiting Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit."

KATE FISHER commences a four weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on July 6th.

ALICE GREY will terminate her present engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 25th inst., after which she goes to Cincinnati, and her address in the latter city will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

VIOLET CAMPBELL, leading actress, and Belvil Ryan, comedian and character actor, may be engaged by addressing them as instructed in a card in our advertising columns.

MRS. JENNIE CARROLL and Mr. S. N. Carroll are rusticating during the summer months at Chestertown, Md.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE concluded her engagement at Cincinnati on the 20th, and commenced an engagement of six nights at Louisville, Ky., on the 22d.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, New Orleans, La., a well located establishment, is offered for rent for the fall season. Address as per card in our advertising columns.

"FOUL PLAY," the latest London sensation, has been dramatised by Robert Jones, who offers it for sale, with models of the effects, to managers who may wish to produce it during the fall and winter season.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE closed their season on the 20th inst., at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, can be rented for the summer months, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

HENRY LINDLEY has suspended his dramatic performances, after a season of two months through Ohio and Pennsylvania.

IN CHICAGO, "within the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant,'" says our correspondent "Loiterer," "there never has been such a variety and surfeit of public amusement the as exists during the present (past) week. At Crosby's we have 'White Fawn,' followed by the 'Black Crook' at McVicker's; McManus and Le Moyne at Wood's; Sam Price, Billy Arlington and Cool Burgess at Manager Haverly's cosy hall; Dan Castello and the New York Circus at the foot of Washington street; the 16th annual Saengerfest at Wabash Avenue Rink and Turner Hall; the June races at Dexter Park, and the Athletic Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, at the Excelsior Club grounds, corner State and Twenty-second streets. If any other city in America, except New York, equals to make a match with Chicago for any line of business, let them put on the gloves.....The new attractions at Crosby's consist of the Illuminated Cascade, in which many beautiful water nymphs disport, and the Mechanical Donkey, introduced by Mr. Geo. Atkins, who, however, offers no two dollars for a boy that can ride him. The cascade has proved the most charming scenic feature of the kind ever produced here, and hearty applause greets it in every performance. The antics of the donkey are not so well liked. The dramatic parts are played without fault now, excepting that of Miss Cooke, who acts as if the weather was very much too warm for her. Mr. Jennings has become thoroughly acquainted with his *role*, and his burlesque business takes immensely. Marie Westmael will soon appear.....McDonough's 'Black Crook' party opened at McVicker's on Monday night, 15th, to a not overcrowded but an intensely enthusiastic audience—enough to excite suspicion. The dramatic cast is the same as that of last summer, with the following exceptions:—Stalacta, Mrs. Anna Cowell, formerly played by Alice Logan, who now plays Amina, and Rodolphe, by Nagle, formerly rendered by Ellis. Bock does the Crook, and Woodhull Greppo. Mrs. Jordan's Dame Barbara and Rainford's Puffingruntz as of old. The new faces are Miss Kate Quinton as Carline, and Mr. J. W. Burke as Dragonfin. Miss Quinton made her first appearance in this city and succeeded very well, and the little stranger is extended a welcome. Her acting, however, is much better than her singing. She sang 'Capt. Jenks, of the Horse Marines,' but did not make a hit. Burke, as Dragonfin, was a decided hit, and his funny business is very well done, while his springs from the trap are the biggest I have ever seen. His comic dancing receives an *encore* each night. And now for the *ballet*, which is led by the great Moriacchi, who is an acknowledged artist, and whose style is unsurpassed in America. She is assisted by Ricchi, Leah, Diani, Albertine, Barretta, Alexandreni, Olivia, Leontine and about twelve *coryphees*, only eight of whom appear at any one time. Moriacchi appears first in the 'Pas de Cinq,' and does her grand *chef d'œuvre* of the evening, which is rapturously *encored*; she also appears in a Polonaise with Ricci and the Can-can; Leah's chief dance is done with a skipping rope, which takes well, as does Diani's Hungarian Polka, which, however, does not begin to compare with that danced by Venturoli in 'Flame.' Of the second *premiera* Mlle. Alexandreni is by far the most beautiful and graceful, and she is *encored* each time she appears in a Polka Mezourka. The *coryphees* are either very careless or else need a vast amount of rehearsing. They introduce but one new scene, that of a corridor and lake, in place of the illuminated garden. The transformation scene has been greatly improved since the former production at this theatre, and is the crowning glory of the piece. The orchestra was simply horrible, and it is a great wonder that artists like Moriacchi and Ricci did not leave the stage in disgust. Their displeasure was evident to all, and except for the kindness of Mr. Louis Ballenburg, of Cincinnati, who, being here at the Saengerfest, volunteered a flute solo for Morlacchi in the 'Pas de Cinq,' I doubt if that lady would have done her dance at all. The dresses of the piece show their age too much, and the properties may be spoken of in the same strain. New dances are promised next (this) week.....At Wood's they are running the 'Rich and Poor of Paris' and 'Nicholas Nickleby.' McManus receives a benefit on Friday night, with the following bill offered:—'The Queen's Own,' 'Faint Heart,' 'Robert Macaire' and 'Solon Shingle.' Their houses are medium only. Barnum's living curiosities are added to the museum department this week."

RISTORI closed at Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 20th inst., after an engagement of three nights. The regular season at this theatre has terminated, and nothing is advertised at present.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced an engagement of six nights at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 15th, opening in Fitzgerald's new piece, "Tangled Threads." She was well supported by Pierce, Ashley and De Groat, of the company, the latter making a good hit as a venerable darkey. Mrs. Ashley and Miss Sylvester were also good in their respective *roles*. The piece was played but two nights to poor houses, and on Saturday night was rendered by "Leah, the Forsaken," a part a little too heavy for Miss Price. On Thursday "Nobody's Daughter" was produced to another array of empty benches. On Friday night Miss Price was to have given "Jane Eyre" for her benefit. Unless the bad business forces the house to close for the season, a new drama, "Out in the World," would be produced on Monday, the 22d, sensational in its style, written by a native Porkopolitan named Skiff. He once before essayed dramatic writing, producing a piece a year or two ago, which was brought out at Wood's Museum. As it had but one representation, and that at a *matinee*, it is fair to presume that it was not a very brilliant success. Sam Glenn is engaged for the leading *role* of the piece.

LELAND'S OPERA HOUSE, Saratoga, a very pleasantly situated theatre, opens for the season on July 10th, under the management of A. W. Fenno, and talent is advertised for in this week's issue of the CLIPPER.

ALEXANDER FITZGERALD, tragedian and character actor, who has just concluded a tour of Australia and California, may be addressed as per advertisement elsewhere.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE inaugurated a short season at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 15th inst., and had a succession of crowded houses. Flotow's grand opera of "Martha" was brought out on the opening night in an excellent manner. On the 16th inst. the comic opera, "Czar and Carpenter," was produced for the first time in Newark. "Crown Diamonds," Auber's grand opera, was given on the 17th, and Balfe's ever popular "Bohemian Girl" on the 18th. Miss Edith Abell, as Arline, was excellent. On the 19th Miss Richings had a benefit, upon which occasion the "Fra Diavolo" was produced.

IN PHILADELPHIA, during the past week, the warm weather had the effect to interfere with theatres to such an extent that but little business was done; and, in consequence, the Chestnut and Arch brought their season to a sudden full stop on Saturday evening, June 20th, neither "Humpty Dumpty" at the former, nor "Under the Gas Light" at the latter, possessing vitality enough to warrant a continuance of the season. The Walnut is still open, with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle" was to have been given for the last time on the 22d, and "Our American Cousin" would succeed it on the 23d. Mr. Jefferson's engagement closes on the 27th.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE COMPANY is playing successfully in Sharon, Pa., and remains there for another week. Major H. Lindley, Florence Webster and Minnie Cooke Grant, are with the party.

MISS KATE FISHER closed at Providence, R. I., on the 20th. The party will remain quiet for a couple of weeks, and open the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for four weeks, commencing July 6th.

JOHN TEMPLETON'S "Black Crook" company opened in Norfolk, Va., on the 16th inst., to a good house. On the 19th, "Fanchon" was given, with Alice Vane as the Cricket, and on the 20th the "French Spy" was presented. On the 22d the company were to open in Petersburg, for two nights, and go thence to Richmond for the 24th and 25th, and Lynchburg 26th and 27th.

KATE RANOE can be secured for two or more weeks to play leading or burlesque business.

ENGLISH ADAPTATIONS of Offenbach's operas can be procured by addressing Mr. St. John, whose address will be found in another column.

JOHN F. BREVER was married on the 18th inst., in Indianapolis, Ind., to Maggie Foster.

CHARLES POPE, who was at the theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week, continues there, appearing on the 23d in Brougham's "Lottery of Life."

LIBBIE EDWARDS can be engaged for juvenile business or soubrettes for the fall season. Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds are her agents.

MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE HAMILTON can be secured after July 4th by any responsible manager, Mrs. H. for leading comedy, burlesque and singing business. Mr. H. has been engaged at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, the past season.

SENSATIONAL and musical dramas, burlesques and farces in M.S.S. are offered for sale by Morton Price, whose address will be found elsewhere.

THE HANDY OPERA HOUSE, Cincinnati, open in its unfinished condition, looks like an ancient ruin. It has been sold by the sheriff for $83,000, but the individual who bought it has an elephant on his hands, and is about putting it up at auction once more.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted by Messrs. Brookes and Fyffe for the West Indies. For particulars see advertisement.

OUR ST. LOUIS ADVICES are up to June 19th, under which date our correspondent informs us:—"At the Olympic, one of the most delightful resorts in the city, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersal, Blanch Chapman and Moses W. Fiske are the attractions. The programme offered consisted of 'Lord Barney,' 'Skyhigh, or the Gods in St. Louis,' concluding with the farce of 'Blondin on the Tight Rope.'.....At the Varieties 'Dumpty Humpty,' a delightful pantomime, has been holding the boards for the past week. On this Friday evening Mlle. Tassina, who has become a great favorite, tak

were necessary to be made in America before any of the property could be parted with. Some time after applications were made through a solicitor to the Consul, but no answer has ever been obtained, and last month the poor widow died, leaving three young children totally unprovided for.

D. Handlany was at last advices performing in Glasgow.

A Fit of Fifty Divorce Suits.—Fifty petitions for divorce in Hillsborough County, N. H., have been entered for consideration of the court now in session.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY

THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.

Begins at 7½.....Concludes at 10:50

Mr. Wheatley respectfully announces that in consequence of arrangements previously entered into occasions the necessity of his announcing the

LAST NIGHTS of the WHITE FAWN, LAST NIGHTS

introducing Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE. M'LLE DE ROSA, the Star European Assolute, WILL APPEAR IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE MOST EMINENT TERPSICHOREAN ARTISTS IN AMERICA. SPLENDID SCENERY, COSTUMES, APPOINTMENTS, NEW MUSIC, SONGS AND AN EXCELLENT DRAMATIC CAST. GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK. SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.

Unprecedented success of the WORRELL SISTERS In the principal characters of expressly adapted from the French, by B. A. Baker, Esq., for THE GRAND DUCHESS. SOPHIE, IRENE AND JENNIE.

GRAND DUCHESS.....MISS SOPHIE
WANDA.....MISS IRENE
PRINCE PAUL.....MISS JENNIE

Together with powerful auxiliaries—new scenery, new dresses, augmented chorus, &c.

Enthusiastic applause. See it!

MATINEE ON SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.

N. B.—Coolest Theatre in New York.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
J. E. HAYES, Lessee; C. W. TAYLEURE, Business Manager; G. L. FOX, Stage Manager.

Sixteenth week of G. L. Fox's great pantomime (reconstructed). HUMPTY DUMPTY; the renowned Pantomimist and Comedian, Mr. GEORGE L. FOX as CLOWN.

New Tricks,	PANTOMIME,	New Costumes,
New Scenery,	BALLET,	New Ballets,
New Transformations,	SPECTACLE.	New Music,
New Harlequinade,		New Skating.

This splendid attraction (the most successful production of the whole season) is received by densely crowded audiences, with screams of merriment. It is one of the "sights" of the town, and its fame has rendered it the central theatrical attraction of all visitors to the Metropolis.

Pantaloon.....C. K. Fox | Harlequin.....F. Lacy
Columbine.....Mlle. Laurent | Burlesque.....Miss Harrison
Romance.....Mrs. C. Edmonds | New Jersey.....Mr. Sinclair
The Great Danseuse, Mlle. Sangalli,

Secure seats in advance to avoid disappointment.

H. D. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
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The Star Serio-Comic Vocalist, from the principal theatres of ENGLAND AND IRELAND.
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A New Burlesque on Prof. Hilton's SINGING AND TALKING HEADS.
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(Revived by request) Josh Hart and Chas. White's Burlesque, UNDER THE LAMPPOST.
UNDER THE LAMPPOST.
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UNDER THE LAMPPOST.

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TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
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LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

A New Comedy Drama to suit the times. FISTIANA; or, PRIZE FIGHTING ON THE BRAIN. The Star Gymnasts of the World. THE NELSON BROTHERS. First appearance of the Great Ethiopian Comedians, GEORGE WARREN, CHARLES A. GARDNER, And the Irish Vocalist, NED LOWRY. Last week SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL TO TONY PASTOR. MONDAY, JUNE 29, SUMMER SEASON. EMERSON, ALLEN & MANNING'S MINSTRELS. MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
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LAST THREE NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.

At the conclusion of their second and most successful season, Messrs. Kelly & Leon tulnl an agreeable duty when expressing to their friends and the public their sense of gratitude for the unwavering and liberal patronage extended during a period of ten months; also to the gentlemen of the press of this city, for their generous aid and countenance in sustaining the humble efforts of Messrs. Kelly & Leon to elevate the standard of Minstrelsy, and render it what it should be, a polite, witty, original and amusing evening's entertainment.

Pending the summer vacation, the Hall will be entirely reconstructed, under the personal supervision of Mr. Edwin Kelly; and for beauty, comfort and elegance will have no equal in this country. It is confidently anticipated that the Hall will be ready for occupation early in August, when the third season will be inaugurated with a series of novelties hit erto unattempted by any other minstrel organization, and will, it is hoped, as heretofore, invite the encouragement of their patrons, and continue to Messrs. K. & L. the position universally assigned them, as the leading Minstrels of the world.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, LAST THREE NIGHTS.

LA!—BELL—L. N.

WEDNESDAY, LAST NIGHT, BENEFIT OF THE ONLY LEON.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE,
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First time of the local burlesque, A FLASK OF JERSEY LIGHTNING, A FLASK OF JERSEY LIGHTNING, A FLASK OF JERSEY LIGHTNING, introducing the GREAT BOAT RACE between the HOOTY DO and DE BASAM, BOILER EXPLOSION, etc.

Characters by Unsworth, Eugene, Horn, Seymour, Hogan, Hughes, and Dan Bryant.

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SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
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The Doors Surrounded at 7; Insurrection begins at 8 o'clock.

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First appearance of the Great Basso, M. AINSLEY SCOTT. Immense hit of JOE BROWN, the Inimitable Jig Dancer. The Vocal Quartet, WAMBOLD, FOWLER, TEMPLETON and SCOTT. BOBBY NEWCOMB, the Champion Song and Dance Man. BRIMMER'S Banjo Solos. COOPER & FIELD'S Clog Dance. Instrumentalists, Donniker, Clarendon, Williams, Fowler and Koch. BERNARD, the Prince of Interrogators. BIRCH and BACKUS in their unapproachable Specialities. 12-1t*

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Engagement for a limited season, with MR. ALF. BURNETT, the great American Humorist, and the beautiful Dramatic Reader, MISS HELEN NASH, commencing Monday evening, June 29th, 1868. Details in future announcements.

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Riding School Proprietors, &c. Will shortly arrive in this city, Mr. HENRY COOKE, the well known and unrivalled horse breaker and equestrian instructor. Application may be made to 12-1t* MORTON PRICE, Esq., 39 Lafayette place.

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will open in September for the Fall and Winter Season. Ladies and gentlemen of ability desiring engagements, will please state lowest salary, enclose no stamp, and consider silence a respectful negative. Address, L. H. EVERITT, P. O. Box 352.

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This new and handsome building, complete in every detail, and the finest Theatrical Hall outside of the principal cities, seating 1,500 people, with Private Boxes, Orchestra, Dress Circle, etc. The Opera House was inaugurated May 4th, by the Dramatic Company of the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, who for two weeks played to the largest and most refined audiences, completing a most prosperous season. To rent by the night or week. ISAAC ULMAN, Proprietor, or to his agent, HARRY MORTIMER, care Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. 12-1t

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THE SWEETEST TONED, the MOST POWERFUL, the EASIEST BLOWN, the VERY BEST EVER MADE. THEY ARE NOVEL IN FORM, IN ACTION, AND IN THE MAKE OF THE VALVES.

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609 BROADWAY NEW YORK

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Price of each, 35 cents. DITSON & CO., Publishers, 711 Broadway.

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MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS, JUNE 22D AND 23D, GRAND REVIVAL OF MONTE CRISTO. WITH NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY. MR. EDDY IN SIX CHARACTERS. To conclude with the Nautical Drama of the LOST SON. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 26TH, COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. E. EDDY.

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PALACE VARIETIES, CINCINNATI, OHIO. This Popular Place of Amusement, Centrally Located, well stocked with Scenery and all the necessary paraphernalia of a First Class Music Hall, can be rented by responsible parties. For terms and further particulars Address DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, P. O. Box 252, Cincinnati.

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WANTED,
For a short Summer Season, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, commencing July 6th, a first class Singing Chambermaid, Low Comedian, Juvenile Lady, and Leading Heavy Man. State lowest salary. Address CHAS. A. WING, Business Manager for MISS KATE FISHER, 12-2t Howard Athenæum, Boston.

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A Drama in Five Acts and Seven Tableaux, founded on the novel of that name (by Chas. Reade and Dion Boucicault), with new and startling effects by ROBERT JONES, ESQ., author of the "Hidden Hand," "Poor Girl," "Wacousta," etc., and COPYRIGHTED ACCORDING TO LAW, is now offered to managers for production during the Fall and Winter seasons. All communications addressed to the author, "Continental Theatre, Boston," will receive a prompt reply.

Models of the effects furnished to purchasers at cost price. 12-2t

MISS ALICE GREY
Remains at the WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, AS LEADING LADY, Till June 25th. She then goes to Cincinnati. Her address in that city will be 91 Laurel street. 12-2t*

MUSICIANS WANTED.
A CLARIONETIST, one who plays Brass and B Flat Cornet, to play Second Violin; also must be first class and temperate. 6-1f STETSON & SEXTON, care Clipper Office.

A. W. DAVIS,
(Late of W. E. Crisp's Southern Theatre), Can be engaged for Second Low Comedy or second Old Men. Address care New York Clipper. 11-2t*

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Acting Editions of all Plays Published in the country can be had at BURTON'S Book Store, No. 92 FOURTH AVENUE. One block above Stuyvesant Broadway. Foreign Plays to order. Books, Music and Musical Instruments, Strings, Magazines, Papers, &c. Orders Solicited and Goods sent by Express or Mail Free. WE CHARGE LESS THAN USUAL PRICES. 11-3m*

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paterson Races.
GRAND GALA DAY.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1868.

FIRST RACE.—Running race; purse $150; mile heats, for all horses, weight for age, winner of any race previous to day of running of $500 or upwards, 7lbs extra; to name and close 1st of July; 10 per cent. entrance; three or more to enter or no race.

SECOND RACE.—Trotting race; purse $150; for all horses; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; 10 per cent. entrance; three or more to enter; two to start; to close 1st of July.

THIRD RACE.—Mile race; purse $25; one mile; catch weights.

FOURTH RACE.—Foot race; open to all; purse $25; 200 yards.

FIFTH RACE.—Foot race; purse $15; 100 yards; for all young gentlemen under 25 years of age, now residents of Paterson.

All the above races to come at Paterson with the manager, on or before the 1st of July, enclosing 10 per cent. entrance.

Prizes will also be given for the following: Throwing the sledge, $10; throwing the hall hundred, $5.

The running race will be conducted under the rules of the Passaic Agricultural Association; the trotting race under the rules of the Fashion track. First race to start at 1 o'clock.

All the New York trains will stop at the course.

Admittance: Quarter-stretch and stand, $1; family stand, 25c. 11-3t R. UNDERWOOD, Manager for the Lessees.

Ed. Wilson. Ed. Wilson.
100 BLEECKER STREET, ONE DOOR FROM GRENE. 11-t

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A Beautiful Colored Engraving of Base Ball Implements, with Price List, will be sent free of charge. Base Ball and Race Web made to order. The above cut represents the Base Ball Buckle. The names of Clubs will be put on Belts at $1.50 per dozen, extra, in gold letters, with patent fasteners. Any one wishing to become Agent may do so by application, either by mail or person, to PHILIP HILL, Manufacturer B. B. Belts, etc., 12-1t* 204 Church street, Philadelphia.

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I know a man who has a place
Six years in Chatham Square;
He has a frank and open face,
His dealings always fair.

He makes Pain Paint—great wagon loads—
And sells them every where;
'Tis drawn by steam, on iron roads—
Pain Paint from Chatham Square.

He cures all pain but takes no fee—
Invites sick people there;
If rich or poor, 'tis always free—
Pain Paint from Chatham Square.

And if I have a painful sky,
Use WOLCOTT'S Pain Paint there;
It cools the heat about my eye—
Pain Paint from Chatham Square.

Those saucy gnats or bees may sting,
I sop the Pain Paint right there;
It cures the bite—'tis just the thing—
Pain Paint from Chatham Square.

Paint leaves no stain, it never smarts,
It cools all healthful, where
Sharp pain effects the stoutest hearts,
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WOLCOTT'S Pain Paint is always sold
In drug stores everywhere;
His signature is large and bold,
R. L. WOLCOTT, Chatham Square. 12-1t

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LOVE LETTERS, OR HOW TO MAKE LOVE. Illustrated and Explained with 100 Billet Doux, also secrets and hints for lovers and sweethearts, and instructions for bashful youths, sent by mail, post paid, for 25 cents. Addressed distinctly, KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY, 12-1t* Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DOLLAR WATCH.—THE MAGNETIC POCKET Time Keeper and Compass, handsome Case, glass Crystal, white Dial, steel and metal works, watch size, good order; will denote correct time. Warranted for two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent by mail for $1; 3 for $2, or by Express, C. O. D., on receipt of order. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 12-2t

WANTED—AGENTS.—$178 per month, to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of $20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 12-4t

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—Best breeds. Reds, Grays and Do minicas. Cocks, $5; Stags, $5; Hens, $2. These fowls are noted for their good qualities. Address GEO. A. SENALT, 12-1t* Chillicothe, Ohio.

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NEW BOOKS! CARTES!! PRINTS!!! ETC.—Immense Reduction in Prices to any person, (whether in the trade or not) ordering $10 worth of goods in a single order. Retailing at Wholesale Prices. Orders for 25 cents worth and up promptly filled. Send red stamp with your address for my great New Circular for 1868. JAS. S. DEXTER, 12-1t* 63 Warren street, New York.

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES THAT CANNOT be told from natural ones, on wire, 50 cents; on lace, 75 cents; extra fine, $1; imperial, 50 cents; full beard, 3.50; all colors. 12-1t* Address BLACKIE & Co., 746 Broadway, N. Y.

250 VALUABLE RECIPES, BEAUTIFUL ARTS, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free. Agents wanted. Address 6-12-3mx WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. J.

IMPEACHMENT; Lunch Card; What They Eat and Drank;" a stunner for your Bar Room. By mail 20 cents, Address Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. 12-1t*

"NO TRUST," illustrated. Something new for Bar Rooms. Send 15 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Md. 12-1t*

$1 ONLY FOR BARKEEPER'S GUIDE TO MIX DRINKS. | $1 ONLY FOR SECRETS OF THE LIQUOR TRADE. Both $1 50. Sent by mail, free of postage. Address B. C. WEST, 12-1t* Port Deposit, Maryland.

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FOR MICROSCOPIC LIKENESSES AND OTHER PICTURES, SET IN KNIVES, RINGS, PINS; GOLD, PEARL AND IVORY WATCH CHARMS, address W. CARPENTER, 12-1t* 77 Nassau street, N. Y.

WILDE VS. WOOLEY.—On Saturday, 20th inst., a match game of quoits, 61 points up, was played on the grounds of the Normal Club, between Geo. Wilde, of Providence, R. I., and Orin Wooley, of Morinsania, for one hundred and fifty dollars, which resulted in the following score:—Wooley, 61; Wilde, 54, 82 ends being played. Before the game was half finished, Mr. Wilde's motter gave out, on account of the excessive heat, he being a man weighing over 225 pounds, and Wilde wanted to have Uncle Geo. Dunning or some one else mot for him, which was objected to by the Wooley faction. Wilde appealed to the referee, James McLaren, who decided against Wilde, much to the surprise of all quoit players in the ground. Wilde then, for 16 ends or more, motted for himself, and by so doing gained a host of good friends. After the game Wilde's friends offered to match him against Wooley for from $50 to $500 a side, to play any day except Saturday, for two weeks, but Wooley refused to make the match himself or to allow any of his friends to do so.

RACE IN KANSAS.—Quite a spirited running race came off over the Kansas City track on June 16th, between Walt. Hipp's grey mare, Mary, and A. Johnson's grey horse, Isaac. Distance one quarter mile. Stakes $100 a side. The latter won in 29 seconds.

THE RING.

THE MURDER OF TIMOTHY HEENAN.
INVESTIGATION OF THE FACTS BY THE CORONER.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

On Tuesday, 16th inst., Coroner Daniels held an investigation of the facts connected with the death of Timothy Heenan, brother of John Cermal, who died on Sunday, 14th inst., from the result of injuries received on the night of the 12th of June at a tavern on the northeast corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, an account of which appeared in our last issue. We give below the evidence adduced at the examination:—

John Smith sworn.—I reside at No. 230 South Fifth street; Thursday night last, at southeast corner of Fifth and Spruce, Mr. Heenan and several friends came in to take a drink; in the act of doing so a party came up to the door; I recognized Jerry Eaton and Sugar Jim; Eaton had a revolver in his hand; Eaton said he did not want me, "he wanted the big s——," meaning Heenan, as he was the only large man in the room; Eaton pointed the revolver at him; some of the party pushed his arm away; the same party went to the pavement, and Mr. Heenan came to the door; Eaton again leveled the revolver at him; Trainer tried to coax Eaton up the street; a young man who was in company with Eaton was much intoxicated; he went across the street, and a shot was fired; Heenan went over to take his friend away; another shot was fired; Heenan went up the street to where they were living; he said that he was not armed, and said that he had but his fists; Heenan said, "Jerry, don't do that;" I was standing in the street; Sugar Jim and Jerry Eaton were there; William Neides, Jerry Eaton and Peter Ellis I recognize as being there; I knew they were there from the noise that I heard there; it was about half past twelve o'clock; I suppose; Eaton had a five barrel Colt's revolver, as near as I can judge from its appearance; they never came to my house before; they attempted an attack upon Heenan in the house by pointing the revolver over Trainer's shoulder.

Alderman Dougherty sworn.—I recognize the body of the deceased; about twelve o'clock Thursday night I met Mr. Kelsh and Mr. Tatham at Fifth and Prune streets; while standing there Mr. Eaton, Mr. Trainer and Mr. Ellis came along; Mr. Eaton made a remark that I do not like to repeat, and said, "Who is Tim Heenan?" the three men then passed up to Carpenter's tavern and I heard several shots fired; when I arrived there were about eight men coming out of Carpenter's at Prune street; there was a large crowd coming ahead of the party; another said, "We will go on the other side;" Tatham went to the corner and said, "There is a row at Smith's, on Fifth street; let us go down;" when we got there we saw Eaton and Sugar Jim coming out; they tore a part of the door coming out; it appeared to me that Sugar Jim was forcing Eaton out; Heenan then appeared at the door; Eaton had a pistol; Trainer threw his arm up and said "Not now;" Trainer and Eaton then started up Fifth street, and within twenty feet of the corner I heard the first shot fired; Heenan wanted to get a man named Ewing away out of the line; I then got in the middle of the street; there I saw Trainer and Eaton, both with pistols; Trainer then fired right at Heenan, and the fourth shot was fired by Eaton; I thought that was the shot that hit him; Heenan then walked off; he called them "cura" and said, "Why don't you use it;" I think there must have been ten shots fired at Heenan; I said to a man, "This is a fine arrangement;" he said "Yes;" when Heenan first came to the door he said to Jerry, "There is no necessity for anything of that kind; I have no arms;" they then ran up Fifth street; I only recognize Eaton and Neilles; I then went over, and I heard Heenan say "That is Joe Tatham;" Tatham was trying to get Ewing away, who was drunk; I tried to get Ewing away; Heenan said to me, "Squire, I'm shot;" then I was satisfied that the shot I thought was the one that hit him; I then got a carriage to take him to the hospital; they changed their minds and got a lounge; I stayed at the hospital with him until near three o'clock; they came after me and said Heenan was dying, and then stayed until between five and six o'clock; Heenan said at the hospital that it was "too d—n bad that I should be killed by the hand of a man like Jerry Eaton;" I saw Eaton and Sugar Jim shoot at Heenan; Eaton fired the fourth shot, which I thought hit Heenan; Sugar Jim fired the third shot; his pistol snapped three times; I was about twenty feet from Eaton; I know Eaton so well that I knew him; his shot brought Heenan to a kind of a halt.

Joan Kelsh sworn.—I reside at the corner of Fifth and Locust streets; I was standing talking to Alderman Dougherty; three men came along; Eaton said, "How are you, Jerry?" there was Mr. Eaton, Mr. Neilles and Mr. Trainer; they then went in the house, and I heard shots; while I was there the party came out; I told Dougherty that he had better go in the house; Mr. Neilles came down ahead of the party; I could not recognize the rest of them that were behind; I went to the Union street station house for the police, and when I came back I found Heenan lying upon Smith's pavement. I did not see any shots fired; I thought there would be a difficulty and went after the officers.

Patrick A. Nolan sworn.—I went into Smith's, and Heenan came out with me and said, "Come on;" when we got out we met Mr. Ewing; he stopped Heenan; we then all three went into Smith's; we said ten or fifteen minutes; Eaton, Trainer and others came in; there were about seven or eight of them; Eaton had a revolver; I said, "Jerry, you will be sorry for this; he said, "Go 'way, let me alone;" Trainer tried to get Eaton away, and in doing so pulled off part of the door; Ewing went across the street; the crowd was scattered on the other side of the street; Heenan went across towards them; I then heard a shot; I was standing at Smith's door, and could not tell who fired; the firing was from the direction where the men stood; the first shot struck the pavement; that is the last I saw until Heenan came in and said he was shot: Eaton was very angry when he told me to go away and let him alone.

Jos. Tatham sworn.—I reside at No. 215 Stafford street; I was standing at Fifth and Prune streets with Alderman Dougherty and Mr. Kelsh; three men came up; I only knew one and said, "how are you, Jerry?" his name is Eaton; they went up to the Carpenter House; there were five or six shots fired; about six or eight men came out and went down Prune street; Alderman Dougherty and myself then got into Mr. Kelsh's entry to get out of the way; we then went to the

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Professional or other Advertisements coming under the head of Amusements, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.

Prof. Benefits, Agents and Business Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

Reading Notices—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

In our LEADERS on EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent opinion of our own opinions.

CASH TERMS AND CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE,
BROOKLYN.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.

The house has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company, as now organized, embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing

R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor.
6-tf E. GREENLAND, Business Manager.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

E. MILES.....LESSEE.

This commodious Theatre—the only central place of amusement in the capital of the New Dominion—has been recently thoroughly REFITTED and VENTILATED, and is now ready for the accommodation of Dramatic Companies, Troupes, Lecturers, etc., on the MOST REASONABLE TERMS. The building is of stone, and will accommodate over 1,000 persons; is brilliantly lighted with gas, and contains all necessary appliances. Companies and others intending to visit Canada can apply by letter to E. MILES, London Music Store, who will be happy at all times to communicate all necessary information. References are permitted to Sylvester Bleeker, Manager Gen. Tom Thumb; to Ned Davis, and the principal Agents who have visited Ottawa. 11-26t

MASON'S HALL,
GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK,
(5,500 inhabitants.)

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I will sell the furniture and rent the property to any first class hotel man. A photograph of the house can be seen at the Brandreth House, New York, or Stanwix Hall, Albany, N. Y.

J. J. MASON.
11-3m

TO MANAGERS,
MR. TOM COLEMAN,
FIRST LOW COMEDY.
M-21* Address P. O., Fon du Lac, Wis.

GEORGE LASCELLES,
OLD MEN AND CHARACTER BUSINESS.
Address CHARLES T. PARSLOE,
11-3t* 566 Broadway, New York.

RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

This celebrated troupe now fully re-organized (intact as at present), for the coming season of 1868 and 1869,

Commence their Fall and Winter Campaign at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14th.

ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed to
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8-4f No. 1,743 Marshall street, Philadelphia.

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ATTENTION.
MUSIC HALL, HARTFORD, CONN.,
Situated corner of Main and Morgan streets.

This new and pleasant Hall is a complete success. So easy of access; only one flight up.

The community are pleased to have a hall so handy and so easy to get in and out of. Large and airy, well lighted, and shows to wonderful effect when lighted outside as well as in, thus advertising itself during performances.

Will seat comfortably twelve hundred people. The Stage is 36x16 feet, with side rooms and foot lights. No better place for amusements in the city. For further particulars address

WM. TOOHEY, Hartford, Conn.
10-4t

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Last great success,
"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE."

Now playing at Wallack's Theatre. Managers wishing to negotiate for its production, or for any of Mr. Brougham's pieces, must address

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10-4f 179 West Tenth street, New York.

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has arrived from California. Letters upon business may be directed
Station A, P. O.,
8-4f Residence, 179 W. 10th st., New York.

FOR RENT.—Richmond Theatre.
Apply to R. D. OGDEN, 228 East 23d st., New York City, or
10-tf LANCASTER & CO., Bankers, Richmond, Va.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE,
BOSTON.

The undersigned having purchased this establishment, to be hereafter known as

WILLARD'S THEATRE,

After reconstruction and refitting, will open as a
FIRST CLASS STAR THEATRE
on or about September 1, 1868. Stars wishing time from that date will be liberally treated with by addressing,
7 3m HENRY WILLARD, 112 New st., Newark, N. J.

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BOSTON.

This Establishment can be rented by the night or week up to July 5. Address GEORGE E. BETTON, Esq., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, or
7-2m HENRY WILLARD, 112 New st., Newark, N. J.

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W. S. MELVILLE GEO. W. HULL
SOUTHERN DRAMATIC
MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN
AGENCY,
NO. 95½ FIFTH STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Having established ourselves we are now prepared to treat with the Dramatic Companies, Minstrel and Variety Troupes.

All First Class Performers in the above line of business—our facilities being such we will be able to give entire satisfaction.

We are also prepared to furnish

COSTUMES and WIGS

of every description, in fact everything appertaining to the profession, at the lowest market prices. Particular attention paid to Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to adopt the stage as a profession. We have on our books now 200 First Class Professionals in both the Dramatic, Equestrian and Variety Business. All letters address to

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7-13t 95½ Fifth st., Louisville, Ky.

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REDMOND TURNER and his youthful Protege, MASTER JOHNNY, are now ready to negotiate with responsible managers. Business either Kind, Song and Dance, Double and Single acts.
11-2t* Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE.

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First class Dramatic and Minstrel Companies, Concert Troupes, Lecturers and Miscellaneous Entertainments can secure this Hall by the day or week by applying to

J. K. RUSSELL, Business Agent.
8-13t*

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NEW, BEAUTIFUL AND SPACIOUS.

This Hall is new, spacious, elegant, pleasantly located in the central part of a flourishing young city, and is the only public hall of any considerable magnitude in town. It is elaborately and beautifully frescoed, abundantly lighted with gas, well ventilated, and capable of seating an audience of 1,500. The Stage is large and commodiously arranged, with Dressing Rooms contiguous; an abundance of Foot-Lights, Side-Lights and Top-Lights; a beautiful Drop Curtain; a complete outfit of scenes, all new, and highly artistic in detail and finish, which may be enumerated as follows: 1st, a Street; 2d, a Parlor; 3d, a Kitchen; 4th, a Dungeon; 5th, a Woodland; 6th, a Garden; 7th, he Sea—all these accompanied with appropriate Side Scenes.

There is not a more beautiful Public Ha in the State, out of the city of New York.

Population of Dunkirk approximates 13,000.

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Apply to the subscriber, personally, or address him by letter.

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3-13t* Erie Hotel, Dunkirk, N. Y.

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The above Theatre, completely stocked with Scenery and Properties, will be for rent by the night or week from and after May 10th next.

7-13t V. BUTSCH, Proprietor.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

CHAS. H. H. BROOM.....Proprietor
CHARLEY WHITE.....Stage Manager
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF THE GREAT WEST.

Open the year round. Talent of acknowledged ability only will secure engagements by addressing Stage Manager
Good salary is paid. 5-13t*

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MISS KATE FISHER.
All communications addressed to her agent,
9-tf C. T. PARSLOE, 566 Broadway, N. Y.

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(Established 1850.)
566 BROADWAY,
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Corner of Prince street, NEW YORK.
9-4t* Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

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This Hall will seat 350 people comfortably; has a stage, with dressing rooms, etc., and is lighted with gas. Parties desiring to rent the above Hall, can do so by applying to C. C. WELLS, Wells' Hotel, Portchester, N. Y. 8-13t*

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Proprietor and Manager.....H. CORRI.

This popular and highly successful establishment will close an eleven months season the first of August, and will open for the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON OF 1868 AND '69,
on, or about
SEPTEMBER FIRST.

Stock artists, of known ability, desiring engagements, will apply to the above. Silence considered a negative.

☞ STARS WISHING TIME WILL BE LIBERALLY TREATED WITH. ☜

During the month of August the Academy of Music will be let on reasonable terms to respectable traveling companies, not dramatic.
10-8

NOW IN ITS SUMMER SUIT.
"THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE."

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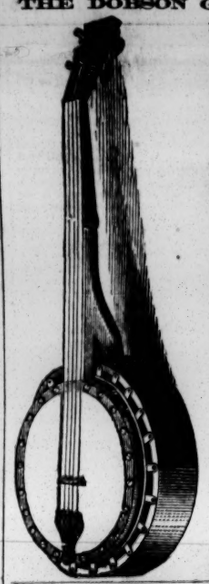

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